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THE
BUSY BEE, 71
OR,
VOCAL REPOSITORY.

Being a SELECTION of the most
FAVOURITE SONGS, &c.
CONTAINED IN THE
ENGLISH OPERAS,
That have been Sung at the
PUBLIC GARDENS,
And written for
SELECT SOCIETIES;
Together with an extensive
COLLECTION of HUNTING SONGS,
And a variety of
SCOTCH and IRISH BALLADS, &c.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

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Robin Hood.---Macnally. 317

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 493 I mend pottles and canns
 494 Ye powers who make virtue your care
 495 The stag through the Forest when rous'd by the horn,
 496 I tra ers'd Judah's barren sand,
 497 The trump of fame your name has breath'd.
 498 Her hair is like a go'den clue
 499 By dark grove, shade, or winding dell,
 500 I love you, by heaven, what can I say more
 501 Margaritta first posselt,
 502 When generous wine expands the soul
 503 As burns the charger when he hears
 504 Once she was though now she's sad
 505 Hark! the leafy woods resounding
 506 Since all my hopes, dear maid
 507 Gently burns the greenwood fire
 508 My name is little Harry-O
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T H E
B U S Y B E E.

AS YOU LIKE IT. Shakespeare.

AIR I.

UNDER the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the sweet bird's throat;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

II.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind,
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Altho' thy breath be rude,

VOL. I.

B

Freeze,

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That doth not bite so nigh,
 As benefits forgot :
 Tho' thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp,
 As friends remembred not,

III.

WHEN daises pied and violets blue,
 And ladies' smocks all silver white,
 And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight ;
 The cuckoo then on every tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he :
 Cuckoo, cuckoo, O word of fear !
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are plowmens' clocks,
 And turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks.
 The cuckoo then on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he :
 Cuckoo, cuckoo, O word of fear !
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

ARTAXERXES.

ARTAXERXES. Arns.

IV.

THY father? away, I renounce the soft claim,
 Thou spot on my honour, thou blast to my fame ;
 Let justice the traitor to punishment bring,
 His father he lost when he murdered his king.

V.

IN infancy, our hopes and fears
 Were to each other known ;
 And friendship in our riper years,
 Has twin'd our hearts in one.

O clear him then from this offence,
 Thy love thy duty prove ;
 Restore him with that innocence
 Which first inspir'd my love.

VI.

TO sigh and complain, alike I disdain,
 Contented my wish to enjoy ;
 I scorn to reflect, On a lady's neglect,
 Or barter my peace for a toy.

In love, as in war, I laugh at a scar,
 And if my proud enemy yield,
 The joy that remains, Is to lead her in chains,
 And glean the rich spoils of the field.

VII.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant love,
A conquest I believ'd :
The flatt'ring error cease to prove,
O let me be deceiv'd !

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
Which love did first create ;
What was my pride is now my shame,
And must he turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind,
The weakness of my heart ;
Which, ah ! I feel too much inclin'd
To take the traitor's part.

VIII.

MONSTER away ! From cheerful day,
To the gloomy desert fly :
Paths explore where lions roar,
And devouring tygers lie,

Tho' for food, they wade in blood,
All to save their young agree ;
Ev'ry creature fierce by nature,
Harmless is compar'd to thee.

IX.

IX.

WATER parted from the sea,
 May increase the river's tide :
 To the bubbling fount may flee,
 Or thro' fertile vallies glide :
 Yet in search of lost repose,
 Doom'd like me, forlorn to roam,
 Still it murmurs as it flows,
 Till it reach its native home.

X.

LET not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove ;
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.
 Each ungentle thought suspending,
 Judge of mine, by thy soft breast,
 Nor with rancour, never ending,
 Heap fresh sorrows on th'oppress'd.
 Let not rage, thy bosom firing, &c.
 Heaven, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
 Ne'er my wretched state can mend ;
 I, alas ! at once have lost,
 Father, brother, lover, friend.
 Let not rage, &c.

XI.

THE soldier tir'd of war's alarms,
 Forswears the clang of hostile arms,
 And scorns the spear and shield ;
 But if the brazen trumpet sound,
 He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
 And dares again the field.

 AGREEABLE SURPRISE. O'Keefe.

XII.

IN Jacky Bull, when bound for France,
 The gossing you discover :
 But taught to ride, to fence, and dance,
 A finish'd goose comes over.
 With his tierce and cart, fa, fa !
 And his cotillion so smart, ha, ha !
 He charms each female heart, oh, la !
 As Jacky returns from Dover.

For cocks and dogs, see 'squire at home,
 The prince of country tonies !
 Return'd from Paris, Spa, or Rome,
 Our 'squire's a nice Adonis.
 With his tierce and cart, fa, fa !
 And his cotillion, so smart, ha, ha !
 He charms the female heart, oh, la !
 The pink of maccaronies.

XIII.

XIII.

SUCH beauties in view, I
 Can never praise too high ;
 Not Pallas's blue eye
 Is brighter than thine.
 Not fount of Sufannah
 Nor gold of fair Dana
 Nor moon of Diana,
 So clearly can shine !
 Not beard of Silenus,
 Nor tresses of Venus,
 I swear by Quæ Genus ;
 With your's can compare ;
 Nor Herme's Caduces,
 Nor flower de luces,
 Nor all the Nine Muses,
 To me is so fair.

CHORUS. What posies and roses,
 To noses discloses
 Your breath all so sweet !
 To the tip of your lip.
 As they trip, the bees dip,
 Honey sip, like choice flip,
 And their Hybla forget.

 When Girls like you pass us,
 I saddle Pegassus,
 And ride up Parnassus,
 To Helicon's stream :
 Even that is a puddle,
 Where others may muddle ;
 My nose let me fuddle
 In bowls of your cream ;

Old Jove, the great Hector,
 May tipple his Nectar,
 Of Gods the director,
 And thunder above :
 I'd quaff off a full can,
 As Bacchus or Vulcan,
 Or Jove the old Bull can,
 To her that I love,
CHORUS, What posies, &c.

XIV.

AMO, amas,
 I love a lass,
 As a cedar tall and slender;
 Sweet Cowslip's grace
 Her nomitave case,
 And she's of the feminine gender.

CHORUS. Rorum, corum, sunt divorum,
 Rarum scarum divo,
 Tag, rag, merry derry, perriwig and hatband,
 Hic, hoc, horum genetivo.
 Can I decline
 A nymph divine ?
 Her voice as a flute is dulcis ;
 Her oculus bright,
 Her manus white,
 And soft, when I tacto, her pulse is.

CHORUS. Rorum, corum, &c.

O how beſſa,

My puella !

I'll kiſs ſecula ſeculorum :

If I've luck, Sir,

She's my uxor,

O dies benedictorum !

CHORUS. Rorum, corum, &c.

XV.

LORD, what care I for mam or dad ?

Why let 'em ſcold and bellow :

For while I live I'll love my lad,

He's ſuch a charming fellow.

The laſt fair-day on Gander-green

The youth he danced ſo well-o,

So ſpruce a lad was never ſeen,

As my ſweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,

The lad was ſomewhat mellow ;

Says he, my dear, I'll ſee you home,——

I thanked the charming fellow.

We trudged along, the moon ſhone bright,

Says he, if you'll not tell-o,

I'll kiſs you here by this good light ;

Lord what a charming fellow.

You rogue, ſays I, you've ſtopp'd my breath,

Ye bells ring out my knell-o !

Again I'd die ſo ſweet a death,

With my ſweet charming fellow.

XVI.

XVI.

OF all the pretty flowers,
A cowslip's my delight:
With that I'd pass my hours,
Both morning, noon, and night,
To be sure I would, &c.

This Cowslip smell'd so sweetly,
And look'd so fresh and gay,
Says I, you're dressed so neatly,
We'll have a little play,
To be sure we will, &c.

One evening in the dairy,
'Twas lying on the shelf,
I kiss'd the pretty fairy,
And then laid down myself,
To be sure I did, &c.

This flower one morning early,
Upon a bed did rest;
I loved to pull it dearly,
And stick it in my breast,
To be sure I could, &c.

BEGGARS

BEGGARS OPERA. Gay.

XVII.

THROUGH all the employments of life
 Each neighbour abuses his brother ;
 Whore and rogue they call husband and wife ;
 All professions berogue one another.
 The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
 The lawyer beknaves the divine ;
 And the statesman, because he's so great,
 Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

XVIII.

'TIS woman that seduces all mankind,
 By her we first are taught the wheedling arts :
 Her very eyes can cheat ; when most she's kind,
 She tricks us of our money with our hearts.
 For her, like wolves by night we roam for prey,
 And practice every fraud to bribe her charms :
 For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
 And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

XIX.

VIRGINS are like the fair flowers in its lustre,
 Which in the garden enamels the ground :
 Near it the bees may flutter and cluster,
 And gaudy butterflies frolic around.
 But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no more alluring,
 To Covent-Garden 'tis sent, (as yet sweet,)
 There fades, and shrinks, and grows past enduring,
 Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

XX.

XX.

CAN love be controuled by advice?
 Will Cupid our mothers obey?
 Though my heart were as frozen as ice,
 At his flame 'twould have melted away,
 When he kiss'd me, so closely he prest,
 'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd;
 So I thought it both safest and best
 To marry for fear you should chide.

XXI.

A FOX may steal your hens, Sir,
 A whore your health and pence, Sir,
 Your daughters rob your chest, Sir,
 Your wife may steal your rest, Sir,
 A thief your goods and plate.
 But this is all but picking,
 With rest, pence, chest and chicken;
 It ever was decreed, Sir,
 If lawyer's hand is see'd, Sir,
 He steals your whole estate.

XXII.

OH ponder well! be not severe,
 So save a wretched wife!
 For on the rope that hangs my dear,
 Depends your Polly's life.

XXIII.

XXIII.

MACH. PRETTY Polly say,
When I was away,
Did your fancy never stray
To some newer lover.

POLLY. Without disguise,
Heaving sighs,
Doating eyes,
My constant heart discover,
Fondly let me loll!

MACH. O pretty, pretty Poll.

XXIV.

MY heart was so free,
It roved like the bee,
Till Polly my passion requited:
I sipt each flower,
I chang'd ev'ry hour,
But here ev'ry flow'r is united.

XXV.

MACH. WERE I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embrac'd my lass,
Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half year's night would pass.

POLLY. Were I sold on Indian soil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd
I could mock the sultry toil
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.

MACH. And I would love you all the day,

POLLY. Ev'ry night would kiss and play,

MACH. If with me you'd fondly stray

POLLY. Over the hills and far away.

XXVI.

MACH. **T**HE miser thus a shilling fees,
Which he's oblig'd to pay,
With sighs resigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye.

POLL. The boy, thus, when his sparrow's flown,
The bird in silence eyes;
But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs and cries.

XXVII.

FILL every glass, for wine inspires us,
And fires us,
With courage, love, and joy.
Women and wine should life employ,
Is there aught else on earth desirous?

CHOR. Fill ev'ry glass, &c.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

LET us take the road,
 Hark ! I hear the sound of coaches !
 The hour of attack approaches,
 To your arms, brave boys, and load.
 See the ball I hold !
 Let the chymists toil like asses,
 Our fire their fire surpasses,
 And turns all our lead to gold.

XXIX.

IF the heart of a man is deprest with cares,
 The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears :
 Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
 Raises the spirits, and charms the ears.
 Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
 But her ripe lips are more sweet than those,
 Press her,
 Caress her,
 With blisses,
 Her kisses
 Dissolve us in pleasure, and soft repose.

XXX.

YOUTH's the season made for joys,

Love is then our duty,

She alone who that employs,

Well deserves her beauty.

Let's be gay,

While we may,

Beauty's a flower, despis'd in decay,

CHORUS. Youth's the season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day,

Our's is not to-morrow,

Love with youth flies swift away,

Age is nought but sorrow,

Dance and sing,

Time's on the wing,

Life never knows the return of spring.

XXXI.

BEFORE the barn door crowing,

The cock by hens attended,

His eyes around him throwing,

Stands for a while suspended.

Then one he singles from the crew,

And cheers the happy hen ;

With how do you do, and how do you do,

And how do you do again.

XXXII.

XXXII.

THE gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike,
If they meddle your all is in danger ;
Like gypsies, if once they can finger a souse,
Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your house.
And give your estate to a stranger.

XXXIII.

AT the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,
At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,
Let me go where I will,
In all kinds of ill,
I shall find no such furies as these are.

XXXIV.

MAN may escape from rope and gun,
Nay, some have out-liv'd the doctor's pill ;
Who takes a woman must be undone,
That basilisk is sure to kill.
The fly that slips treacle is lost in the sweets,
So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,
He that tastes woman, ruin meets.

XXXV.

THUS when a good housewife sees a rat,
In her trap in the morning taken,
With pleasure her heart goes pit a pat,
In revenge for the loss of her bacon.
Then she throws him
To the dog or the cat,
To be worried, crush'd and shaken.

XXXVI.

HOW cruel are the traitors,
Who lie and swear in jest,
To cheat unguarded creatures
Of virtue, fame, and rest!
Whoever steals a shilling,
Through shame the guilt conceals:
In love the perjur'd villain
With boasts the theft reveals.

XXXVII.

THE first time at the looking-glass
The mother sets her daughter,
The image strikes the smiling lass
With self-love ever after.
Each time she looks, she fonder grown,
Thinks ev'ry charm grows stronger.
But alas! vain maid, all eyes but your own
Can see you are not younger.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

WHEN you censure the age,
 Be cautious and sage,
 Lest the courtiers offended should be :
 If you mention vice or bribe,
 'Tis so pat to all the tribe :
 Each cries——That was levelled at me.

XXXIX.

IS then his fate decreed, Sir ?
 Such a man can I think of quitting ?
 When first we met, so moves me yet,
 O see my heart is splitting !

XL.

YOU'LL think e'er many days ensue,
 The sentence not severe :
 I hang your husband, child, 'tis true,
 But with him hang your care.
 Twang, dang, dillo dee.

XLI

IF you at an office solicit your due,
 And would not have matters neglected,
 You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,
 To do what his duty directed.
 Or would you the frown of a lady prevent,
 She too has this palpable failing,
 The perquisite softens her into consent ;
 That reason with all is prevailing.

XLII.

XLII.

THUS when the swallow, seeking prey,
Within the fast is closely pent,
His consort, with bemoaning lay,
Without sits pining for th' event.
Her chatt'ring lovers all around her skim;
She heeds them not (poor bird!) her soul's with
him.

XLIII.

HOW happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But while you thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say.
But toll de roll, &c.

XLIV.

POLLY. I'M bubbled,
LUCY. ——— I'm bubbled.
POLLY. Oh, how I am troubled.
LUCY. Bambouzled, and bit.
POLLY. ——— My distresses are doubled.
LUCY. When you come to the tree, should the
hangman refuse,
These fingers with pleasure, could fasten the
noose.

XLV.

CEASE your funning,
 Force or cunning
 Never shall my heart trepan :
 All these fallies
 Are but malice
 To seduce my constant man.

'Tis most certain,
 By their flirting
 Women oft have envy shewn :
 Pleas'd to ruin
 Others wooing ;
 Never happy in their own.

XLVI.

POLLY. **W**HY how now, madam Flirt ?
 If you must thus chatter,
 And are for flinging dirt,
 Let's try who best can spatter ;
 Madam Flirt !

POLLY. **W**hy how now, saucy jade ;
 Sure the wench is tipsy !
 How can you see me made
 The scoff of such a gipsy ?
 Saucy jade !

XLVII.

XLVII.

NO power on earth can e'er divide
The knot that sacred love has ty'd,
When parents draw against our mind,
The true love's knot the faster bind.
Oh, oh ray, oh amborah---oh, oh, &c.

XLVIII.

I LIKE the fox shall grieve,
Whose mate hath left her side,
Whom hounds from morn to eve,
Chase o'er the country wide.
- Where can my lover hide?
Where cheat the wary pack?
If love be not his guide,
He never will come back!

XLIX.

WHEN young at the bar you first taught me to
score,
And bid me be free of my lips and no more;
I was kiss'd by the parson, the squire, and the
fot,
When the guest was departed, the kiss was forgot,
But his kiss was so sweet, and so closely he prest
That I languish'd and pin'd till I granted the rest.

L. III

MY love is all madness und folly.

Alone I lie,

Toss, tumble, and cry,

What a happy creature is Polly!

Was ever such a wretch as I!

With rage I redden like scarlet,

That my dear inconstant varlet,

Stark blind to my charms,

Is lost in the arms

Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!

Stark blind to my charms,

Is lost in the arms

Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!

This, this my resentment alarms.

LI.

THUS gamesters united in friendship are found,
Though they know that their industry all is a
cheat;

They flock to their prey at the dice box's found.

And join to promote one another's deceit.

But if by mishap

They fall of a chap,

To keep in their hands, they each other entrap.

Like pikes, lank with hunger, who miss of their
ends,

They bite their companions, and prey on their
friends.

LII.

LH.

THE modes of the court so common are grown,
 That a true friend can hardly be met;
 Friendship for interest is but a loan,
 Which they let out for what they can get.
 'Tis true, you find,
 Some friends so kind,
 Who will give you good counsel themselves to
 defend.
 In sorrowful ditty,
 They promise, they pity,
 But shift you for money, from friend to friend.

LIII.

WHAT gudgeons are we men!
 Ev'ry woman's easy prey:
 Though we have felt the hook, agen
 We bite and they betray.
 The bird that hath been trapt,
 When he hears his calling mate,
 To her flies, again he's clapt
 Within the wiry grate.

LIV.

IN the day of my youth I could bill like a dove,
 fa, la, la, &c.
 Like a sparrow, at all times was ready for love,
 fa, la, la, &c.
 The life of all mortals in kissing should pass,
 Lip to lip while we're young—then the lip to the
 glafs, fa, &c.

LV.

LV.

I'M like a skiff on the ocean tost,
Now high, now low, with each billow borne,
With her rudder broke, and her anchor lost,
Deserted and all forlorn.
While thus I lie rolling and tossing all night
That Polly lies sporting on seas of delight!
Revenge, revenge, revenge,
Shall appease my restless sprite.

LVI.

WHEN a wife's in her pout,
(As she's sometimes, no doubt)
The good husband as meek as a lamb,
Her vapours to still,
First grants her her will,
And the quieting draught is a dram.
Poor man! and the quieting draught is a dram.

LVII.

POLLY. A CURSE attends that woman's love,
Who always would be pleasing.
LUCY. The pertness of the billing dove,
Like tickling is but teasing.
POLLY. What then in love can woman do?
LUCY. If we grow fond they shun us.
POLLY. And when we fly them, they pursue,
LUCY. But leave us when they've won us.

LVIII.

AMONG the men, coquets we find,
Who court by turns all womankind ;
And we grant all their hearts desired,
When they are flatter'd and admir'd.

LIX.

COME, sweet lass,
Let's banish sorrow
'Till to-morrow ;
Come, sweet lass,
Let's take a chirping glass.
Wine can clear
The vapours of despair ;
And make us light as air,
Then drink and banish care.

LX.

POLLY. **H**ITHER, dear husband, turn your eyes,
LUCY. Bestow one glance to cheer me.
POLLY. Think with that look thy Polly dies.
LUCY. O shun me not----but hear me.
POLLY. 'Tis Polly sues
LUCY. ——'Tis Lucy speaks.
POLLY. Is thus true love requited ?
LUCY. My heart is bursting,
POLLY. ——Mine too breaks.
LUCY. Must I
POLLY. ——Must I be slighted.

LXI.

LXI.

WHICH way shall I turn me---How can I decide?
Wives, the day of our death, are as fond as a bride.
One wife is too much for most husbands to hear,
But two at a time there's no mortal can bear.
This way, and that way, and which way I will
What would comfort the one, t'other wife would
take ill.

LXII.

WHEN my hero in court appears,
And stands arraign'd for his life;
Then think of poor Polly's tears;
For ah! poor Polly's his wife.
Like the sailor he holds up his hand.
Distress'd on the dashing wave;
To die a dry death at land,
Is as bad as a wat'ry grave.

And alas ! poor Polly !
Alack, and well-a-day ;
Before I was in love,
Oh ! ev'ry month was May.

LXIII.

WHEN he holds up his hand arraign'd for his
life,

O think of your daughter, and think I'm his wife!
What are cannons, or bombs, or clashing of swords
For death is more certain by witness'd words.

Then nail up their lips; that dread thunderallay;
And each month of my life will hereafter be May.

LXIV.

THE charge is prepar'd the lawyers are met,
The judges all rang'd (a terrible shew!)

I go, undismay'd---for death is a debt,

A debt on demand---so take what I owe,

Then farewell, my love---dear charmer, adieu.

Contented I die---'tis the better for you.

Here ends all dispute the rest of our lives,

For this way at once I please all my wives.

LXV.

SINCE laws were made for ev'ry degree,

To curb vice in others, as well as in me,

I wonder we han't better company,

Upon Tyburn tree!

But gold from law can take out the sting;

And if rich men like us were to swing,

'Twould thin the land, such numbers to string,

Upon Tyburn tree.

LXVI.

LXVI.

LUCY. **WOULD** I might be hang'd!

POLLY. ——— And I would so too!

LUCY. To be hang'd with you.

POLLY. ——— My dear with you.

MACH. O leave me to thought! I fear! I doubt.

I tremble! I droop! ——— see my courage is out

POLLY. No token of love?

MACH. ——— See my courage is out.

LUCY. No token of love!

POLLY. ——— Adieu!

LUCY. ——— Farewell.

MACH. But hark! I hear the toll of the bell.

CHORUS. Toll de roll, loll, &c.

LXVII.

THUS I stand like the Turk with his doxie
around;

From all sides their glances his passion confound
For black, brown, and fair, his inconstancy burns,
And the different beauties subdue him by turns
Each calls forth her charms to provoke his desires,
Though willing to all, but with one he retires.
But think of this maxim, and put off your sorrow,
The wretch of to-day, may be happy to-morrow.

CHORUS. But think of this maxim, &c.

The BATTLE of HEXHAM.---G. Colman, junr.

LXVIII.

THE mincing step, the woman's air,
The tender sigh, and soften'd note,
Poor Adeline must now forswear,
Nor think upon the petticoat.

Since love has led me to the field,
The foldier's phrase I'll learn by rote ;
I'll talk of drums, of sword and shield,
And quite forget my petticoat.

When the loud cannon's roar I hear,
And trumpet's bray with brazen throat,
With blust'ring then I'll hide my fear,
Lest I betray my petticoat.

But ah ! how slight the terrors pass,
If he, on whom I fondly doat,
Is to my arms restor'd at last !—
Then give me back my petticoat.

LXIX.

G L E E.

Old words.

WHEN Arthur first in court began
To wear long hanging sleeves,
He entertain'd three serving men,
And all of them were thieves.

The

The first he was an Irishman,
 The second was a Scot,
 The third he was a Welchman,
 And all were knaves, I wot.
 The Irishman lov'd Uisquebaugh,
 The Scot lov'd ale, call'd blue cap;
 The Welchman he lov'd toasted cheefe,
 And made his mouth like a mouse-trap.
 Uisquebaugh burnt the Irishman,
 The Scot was drown'd in ale;
 The Welchman had like to have been choak'd
 with a mouse,
 But he pull'd her out by the tail.

 LXX.

C A T C H.

Buz, quoth the blue-fly.

LURK o'er the green-sword;
 Mum let us be;
 Lurk, and mum's the word
 For you and me;
 Through the brake, through the wood, prowl,
 prowl, around;
 We watch the footstep, with ears to the ground.
 Ears to the ground.

LXXI.

Moderation and Alteration.

IN an old quiet parish, on a brown, healthy, old
moor,
Stands my master's old gate, whose old threshold
is wore
With many an old friend, who for liquor would
roar,
And I uncork'd the old Sherry---that I had tasted
before ;
But it was in moderation, &c.

There I had an old quiet pantry, of the servants
was the head,
And kept the key of the old cellar, and old plates
and chipp'd the brown bread :
If an odd old barrel was missing, it was easily
said
That the very old beer was one morning found
dead.
But it was in moderation, &c.

But we had a good old custom when the week did
begin,
To shew by my accounts, I had not wasted a
pin
For my Lord, though he was bountiful, thought
waste was a sin,
And never would lay out much, but when my
Lady lay-in.
But still it was moderation, &c.

Good

Good lack ! good lack ! how once Dame Fortune
did frown !

I left my old quiet pantry to trudge from town
to town ;

Worn quite off my legs in search of thumps, bobs,
and cracks on the crown ;

I was fairly knock'd up, and very near foully
knock'd down.

Alteration ! Oh ! it was a wonderful alteration !

C O M U S—*Milton.*

LXXII.

NOW Phœbus sinketh in the west,
Welcome song and welcome jest,

Midnight shout and revelry,

Tipfy dance and jollity ;

Braid your locks with rosy twine,

Dropping odours, dropping wine.

Rigour now is gone to bed,

And advice with scrup'lous head,

Strict age and sour severity

With their grave saws in slumber lie.

LXXIII.

BY dimpled brook or Fountain brim,

The wood nymphs deck'd with daisies trim,

Their merry wakes and pastimes keep ;

What has night to do with sleep ?

Night

Night has better sweets to prove,
 Venus now awakes, and wakens love,
 Come, let us then our rights begin,
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

LXXIV.

FROM tyrant laws and customs free,
 We follow sweet variety,
 By turns we drink, and dance and sing,
 Love for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules controul
 Transports of the jovial soul?
 No dull flinting hour we own;
 Pleasure counts our time alone.

LXXV.

BY the gayly circling glass,
 We can see how minutes pass;
 By the hollow cask are told,
 How the waining night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day,
 Drives us from our sport and play;
 What have we with day to do,
 Sons of care! 'twas made for you.

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

SWEET echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen,
Within the airy cell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorne nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well.
Can'st thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest the Narcissus are?
Oh! if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of Parley, daughter of the sphere
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

LXXVII.

FLY swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
The nameless soft transports that beauty can give,
The bowls frolick joys let him teach her to prove,
And she in return the raptures of Love.
Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
All grandeur insipid, and riches a pain,
The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave,
Love and wine give, ye gods! or take back what
you gave.

LXXVIII.

LXXVIII.

FAME's an echo, prattling double,
An empty, airy, glittering bubble,
A breath can swell, a breath can sink it,
The wise not worth their keeping think it.
Why then, why such toil and pain
Fame's uncertain smiles to gain?
Like her sister Fortune, blind,
To the best she's oft unkind.

LXXIX.

WOULD you taste the noontide air?
To yon fragrant bower repair,
Where woven with the poplar bough
The mantling vine will shelter you.
Down each side a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murmuring, as it goes
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Saltry Phoebus scorching round.

Round the languid herds and sheep
Stretch'd o'er the sunny hillocks sleep,
While on the hyacinth and rose
The fair does all alone repose.

All alone---and in her arms
Your breast may beat to love's alarms,
Till blest'd and blessing you shall own,
The joys of love are joys alone.

LXXX.

LXXXI.

LIVE, and love, enjoy the fair,
Banish sorrow, banish care,
Mind not what old dotards say,
Age has had its share of play,
But youth's sport begins to-day.

From the fruits of sweet delight
Let not scare-crow virtue fright,
Here in pleasure's vineyard we
Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,
Careless, airy, gay, and free.

LXXXII.

COME, come, bid adieu to fear,
Love and harmony reign here.
No domestic jealous jars,
Buzzing flanders, wordy wars,
In my presence will appear,
Love and harmony reign here.

Sighs to amorous sighs returning,
Pulses beating, bosoms burning,
Bosoms with warm wishes panting,
Words to speak those wishes wanting,
Are the only tumults here,
All the woes you need to fear,
Love and harmony reign here.

LXXXIII.

R E C I T A T I V O.

HOW gentle was my Damon's air!
 Like sunny beams his golden hair,
 His voice was like the nightingale's,
 More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales.
 How hard such beauties to resign!
 And yet that cruel task is mine!

A I R.

On every hill, in every grove,
 Along the margin of each stream,
 Dear conscious scenes of former love,
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now to the mossy cave I fly,
 Where to my swain I oft have sung,
 Well pleas'd the broufing goats to 'spy,
 As o'er the airy steep they hung.
 The mossy cave, the goats remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now thro' the rambling vale I pass,
 And sigh to see the well-known shade,
 I weep, and kiss the bended grass,
 Where love and Damon fondly play'd.
 The vale, the shade, the grass remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

From

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more,
 Each flower in pity droops its head,
 All nature does my loss deplore:
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon there I seek in vain.

LXXXIV.

R E C I T A T I V O.

LOVE, the greatest bliss below,
 How to taste few women know,
 Fewer still the way have hit,
 How a fickle swain to quit.
 Simple nymph come learn of me,
 How to treat inconstancy.

A I R.

The wanton god that pierces hearts,
 Dips in gall his pointed darts,
 But the nymph disdains to pine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine :

Farewell lovers when they're cloy'd ;
 If I am scorn'd, because enjoy'd,
 Sure the squeamish fops are free
 To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, while mine can please.
 I love them much, but more my ease :
 Nor jealous fears my love molest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they ever give me pain,
 Who to give me joy disdain?
 All I hope of mortal man,
 Is to love me whilst he can.

LXXXV.

NOR on beds of fading flowers,
 Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
 Nor with swains in Syren bowers,
 Will true pleasure long reside.

On awful virtue's hill sublime,
 Enthron'd sits th' immortal fair;
 Who wins her height, must patient climb.
 The steps are peril, toil, and care.

So from the first did Jove ordain,
 Eternal bliss for transient pain.

LXXXVI.

PREACH not me your musty rules,
 Ye drones that mould in idle cell;
 The heart is wiser than the schools,
 The senses always reason well.

If short my span, I less can spare
 To pass a single pleasure by;
 An hour is long if lost in care,
 They only live who life enjoy.

LXXXVII.

LXXXVII.

YE Fawns, and ye Dryads, from hill, dale, and
grove,
Trip, trip it along, conducted by love ;
Swiftly resort to Comus' gay court,
And in various measures shew Love's various sport.

LXXXVIII.

SABRINA fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddeſs of the silver lake,
Listen and save.

LXXXIX.

BY the'rushy fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick-set with Agat, and the axure sheen
Of Turkish blue, and em'rald green,
That in the channel strays,
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet,
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends as I tread,
Gentle swain, at thy request,
I am here.

XC.

RECITATIVO.

GODDESS dear;

We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band.

Of true virgin here distressed,
Thro' the force and thro' the wile,
Of unblest'd enchanter vile.

XCI.

RECITATIVO.

SHEPHERD, 'tis my office best:

To help ensnar'd chastity :

Brightest lady look on me :

Thus I sprinkle on thy breast

Drops that from my fountain pure

I have kept of precious cure ;

Thrice upon thy finger's tip,

Thrice upon thy ruby'd lip ;

Next this marble venom'd seat,

Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,

I touch with chaste palms moist and cold :

Now the spell has lost his hold,

And I must haste, ere morning hour,

To wait in Amphitrite's bower

CRUSADE.

CRUSADE. *Reynolds.*

XCII.

WHEN war begins, and clashing arms resound,
 And spears are shiver'd in the fight,
 When dying groans are heard around,
 And day grows darker to the fight:
 Then with the torrent's force I go,
 And fate directs the mighty blow,

But when the lute breathes forth an am'rous air,
 My soul enraptur'd leaps to meet the fair;
 By love, triumphant love oppress'd,
 I gaze, I sigh,
 I pant, I die:
 And gazing, fighting,
 Panting, dying,
 Sink on the charmer's breast.

XCIII.

Soldier tired.

THE Knight inspir'd with conqu'ring war,
 Delights to wield his shield and spear.

Paddy Whack.

Oh, curse on this gout, such a foe to all fighting,
 It quite overcomes me, tho' cas'd up in steel;
 For while it is constantly tearing and biting,
 I freely confess that I know what I feel.

Lord

Lord, how it twitches !
 Smarts as it itches !
 Devil ne'er felt such a torment before :
 Again now it pinches ;
 It kills me by inches ;
 A hundred mad cats wou'dn't tickle me more.

Soldier tir'd.

But hark, the lofty trumpet sounds,
 And calls again to war,

Paddy Whack.

O curse on this gout, &c.

XCIV.

SHE is the fairest, sweetest Fair,
 The loveliest that e'er walk'd, fir ;
 So beautiful, she ne'er was seen,
 So witty, she ne'er talk'd, fir :
 She never dares to contradict.
 Or even think of billing ;
 She neither dresses, eats or drinks,
 Or costs a single shilling.

Then where's the knight that would not give
 The girl so fair a bonny bus ?
 What married man would not wish
 His wife, fir, an Anonymous ?

While

While other lovers weep and sigh,
 And daily, nightly, watch, fir,
 I love a princess in the sky,
 Who cannot fight or scratch, fir,
 In two things more she far outdoes
 All other wedded ladies---
 Her husband never can have horns,
 Or, what is worse, fir, babies.
 Then where's the knight, &c.

XCV.

G L E E.

Old Words.

BANISH sorrow, grief's a folly,
 Thought unbend thy wrinkled brow,
 Hence dull care and melancholy,
 Mirth and joy invite us now.
 Bacchus empties all his treasure,
 Comus brings us wit and song !
 Follow, follow, follow, pleasure,
 Let us join the jovial throng.
 The love-sick swain who sighs and simpers,
 T'other bottle would set free,
 Nor artful smiles nor amorous dimples.
 E'er would fetter you or me.
 We for courtship have no leisure,
 Bumpers yield us better joys,
 While thus mirth our time employs.

Why

Why then should dull care perplex us,
Why should we not jovial be,
Since we're here we've nought to vex us,
Bumpers set from care all free?
Then let's have bumpers out of measure,
Let's be gay while time we have,
Follow, follow, follow, pleasure,
There's no drinking in the grave.

XCVI.

LISTEN to the miracles that Joppa does di-
vine t'ye,

Mark what I prophesy,
Will pass in anno domini,

One thousand seven hundred and ninety,

Listen to the miracles, &c.

The Knight now his helmet on, his sword and
falchion handles,

But Knights then as thick as-hops,

In bushy bobs will keep their shops,

And deal, good' lack, in figs and tripe, and soap
and tallow candles.

Listen to the miracles, &c.

No tournaments the nobles then, like ours will
take delight in,

No holy war be kept in view,

But should a christian box a jew,

There'll be plenty to espouse such a holy prize-
fighting.

Listen to the miracles, &c.

Folly

Folly will like wild-fire run, nought will ever
 cool it,
 Much more I could prophesy,
 Yet spite of such calamity,
 The nation will be happy in a monarch that will
 rule it.

Listen to the miracles, &c.

XCVII.

D U E T.

OH thou wert sent to charm me,
 My little flutt'ring dove!
 With Cupid's fire I'll warm thee,
 Sweet cherub of the grove!
 Lord how my soul is throbbing,
 My little flutt'ring dove!
 My tender heart is bobbing,
 Sweet cherub of the grove.

XCVIII.

YOU come into the presence, and there you do see,
 Your princely prince of princes so gallant and so
 free.
 I say unto myself who can these followers be,
 That dare to stare and wear their hair as they'd
 out-whisker me?
 Why blind fools, base fools, you shall have no
 quarter,
 But find unto your cost that you have caught a
 tartar.

Odda

Odds bobs ! here's fun ! a prince with but
 one boot on,
 One royal leg without,
 So none shall have preferment,
 Unless he's got the gout.

My ministers of state must never fret nor fume,
 Live to laugh and quaff, and hate all grief and gloom
 So listen vassals all, should any one presume
 To pout, and flout, and scout the gout, I'll kick
 them round the room ;
 What dread rubs ! poor scrubs ! can't you plainly
 spy,
 That you can kick at least, full twice as well as I ?
 Odds bobs ! here's fun ; point the toe with
 flannel on,
 But let them laugh that win,
 Your prince can't kick you out,
 So you may all stay in.

 XCIX.

BATTLE first my soul employs,
 Next comes love with all its joys ;
 And liquor crown my daily toys.
 Give me then, ye powrs divine,
 Give me women, war, and wine.

Battle makes me madly vain,
 Love steals in and cools the flame,
 But liquor makes me mad again.
 Give me then, ye pow'rs divine,
 Give me women, war, and wine.

Let

Let me fight and never fly,
Let me love and never sigh,
Let me drink until I die:
Give me then, ye pow'rs divine,
Give me woman, war and wine.

C.

LEAD me now to gloomy dungeons,
Onward lead where captives lie,
Not complaining,
Life disdaining,
Oh ! how pleasing 'tis die !
What is life ? an empty bubble.
What's the world but strife and trouble ?
Yet 'tis joy to fall with glory,
Bless'd by those for whom I strove ;
When I'm dead, they'll mourn my story,
And applaud my generous love.

Cl.

KNIGHTS-errant of old.
By their titles we're told,
Thought more of their stomachs than fame ;
Each knight from some treat,
Some plant or some meat,
Uncourteously borrowed his name.

SCOTCH TUNE—" *Corn Rigs.*"

De'el burn you all, quoth St. Andrew,
Let other Knights gang whistle,
The bonny Scotsman kens his foes,
And scratches with his thistle.

WELCH---“ *Oh, be de nos.*”

Now, Cotsplood, quoth St. David,

Oh, plefs the Leek!

Indeed the Welch Knight peats the Scot;

Oh plefs the Leek!

Milk, Cheefe, and Curds, and Nanny Goats,

With other treats we Taffies view,

And tear and swear, and fight, look you;

Oh, plefs the Leek!

FRENCH---“ *Young Colin stole my heart away.*”

St. Dennis dî, mes chere amis,

En verite behold a me,

We French Kings dance away, d'ye see,

And fight for Frogs and Fricassee.

IRISH---“ *Ally Croaker.*”

St. Patrick hot as lightning, with whisky and old
Bumbo,

Cried out, “don't bother thus with noise and
Hurlo Thrumbo;

Here's one with his Shilaly will suddenly all beat
ye,

Unless your Frogs and Thistles yield to Pat and
his Potaty,

Oh, the plump Potaty,

The pretty plump Potaty.”

ENGLISH---“ *Rule Britannia.*”

When Errant Knights in proud array,

Assembled first on Clermont's plain,

This was the burden of their lay,

And every Champion join'd the strain:

St.

St. George for ever ! for ever live the chief,
 St. George, Old England, and, roast beef!
 Oh the roast beef of Old England,
 And, oh the Old English roast beef!

 CII.

G L E E.

RAY. SHE may trust in the truth,
 Which I've kept since my youth,
 And I'll tell you the reason why,
 Could any other lover,
 Such a mistress discover,
 He'd then be as constant as I.

Let our love and our friendship live, live, live,
 Let the bells and the tabors sound,
 Give but Constantia's hopes success,
 And my own shall soon be crown'd.

SIR TROU. There's a triumph in charms,
 But greater in arms,
 And I'll tell you the reason why;
 A lover is whining,
 While Knights Errant are shining,
 Then who's such a champion as I ?
 Let the shield and the spear shine bright, bright,
 bright,
 Let the pipes and the bugles sound ;
 Give but Sir Troubadour room enough,
 And he'll ever keep his ground.

BAN. There's a glory in war,
 Which exceeds you by far,
 And I'll tell you the reason why ;
 A Knight loves his lance, fir,
 A lover romance, fir,
 But I whilst in battle would die.
 Let the war and the havoc rage, rage, rage ;
 Get the fifes and the drums resound,
 Give little Bantam boys force enough,
 And my fame shall still be crown'd.

CHRISTMAS TALE. Garrick.

CIII.

MY eyes may speak pleasure,
 Tongue flow without measure,
 Yet my heart in my bosom lies still ;
 Thus the river is flowing,
 The mill-clapper going,
 But the miller's asleep in his mill,

Though lovers surround me,
 With speeches confound me,
 Yet my heart in my bosom lies still ;
 Thus the river is flowing,
 The mill-clapper going ;
 But the miller's asleep in his mill.

The

The little God eyes me,
 And thinks to surprise me,
 But my heart is awake in my breast ;
 Thus boys sily creeping,
 Would catch the bird sleeping,
 But the linnet's awake in his nest.

CIV.

O THE freaks of womankind !
 As swift as thought we breed'em :
 No whims will starve in woman's mind,
 For vanity will feed 'em ;
 Teazing ever,
 Steady never ;
 Who the shifting clouds can bind ?
 O the freaks of womankind ! &c.
 Quick of ear, and sharp of eye,
 Others faults we hear and spy,
 But to our own
 Alone,
 We are both deaf and blind,
O the freaks of womankind !

CV.

WOMAN should be wisely kind,
 Nor give her passion scope ;
 Just reveal her inclination,
 Never wed without probation,
 Nor in the lover's mind,
 Blight the sweet blossom, hope.

Youth and beauty kindle love;
 Sighs and vows will fan the fire;
 Sighs and vows may traitors prove,
 Sorrow then succeeds desire;
 Honour, faith, and well-earn'd fame,
 Feed the sacred lasting flame !

CVL

'TIS beauty commands me, my heart must
 obey;
 'Tis honour that calls me, and fame leads the way;
 From the soft silken fetters of pleasure I fly,
 With my love I must live, or with honour, will
 die.
 I wake from my trance,
 Bring the sword, shield, and lance,
 My name shall be famous in story;
 Now danger has charms,
 For love sounds to arms,
 And love is my passion and glory !

CVII.

O TAKE this wreath my hand has wove,
 The pledge and emblem of my love ;
 These flow'rs will keep their brightest hue,
 Whilst you are constant, kind, and true.

But should you, false to love and me,
 Wish from my fondness to be free,
 Foreboding that my fate is nigh,
 Each grateful flow'r will droop and die !

CVIII.

THOUGH strong your nerves to poise the spear,
 Or raise the massy shield ;
 Though swift as lightning through the air
 The sword of death you wield ;
 'Tis from the heart, the pow'r must flow,
 To conquer, and forgive the foe,

Though edg'd by spells, and magic charms,
 Your sword may reap renown ;
 'Tis honour consecrates your arms,
 And gives the laurel crown !
 'Tis from the heart, the pow'r must flow,
 To conquer, and forgive the foe.

CIX.

THO' honour loudly strikes my ear,
 The softer notes of love prevailing,
 Every sense assailing,
 Swell with hope, or sink with fear !

Who for the goal of glory start,
 To love as honour true,
 Would ne'er forbid this trembling heart
 To sigh a last adieu !

I go---my faith and truth to prove,
 Valor ne'er was foe to love ;
 I will, I must obey the call,
 Love's triumphant over all !

CX.

D U E T.

O HEAR me kind and gentle swain,
 Let love's sweet voice delight you ;
 The ear of youth should drink each strain,
 When beauty's lips invite you.

As love and valor warm your heart,
 And faith and honour guard you ;
 From wounded breasts extract the dart,
 And beauty will reward you.

Our tear-strain'd eyes their wish disclose,
 Can cruel you refuse 'em ?
 O wipe the dew from off the rose,
 And place it in your bosom.

CXI.

CAMILLA.

LOOK round the earth, nor think it strange
To doubt of you when all things change;
The branching tree, the blooming flower,
Their form and hue, change every hour;
While all around such change I see,
Alas! my heart must fear for thee.

FLORIDOR.

Blighted and chill'd by cruel frost,
Their vigour droops, their beauty's lost;
My cheek may fade by your disdain,
To change my heart, all pow'r is vain;
Look round the earth, the flow'r and tree,
To nature's true as I to thee.

CAMILLA.

Look up to heav'n---nor think it strange,
To doubt of you, when all things change;
Sun, moon, and star, those forms so bright,
Are changing ever to the sight!
While in the heav'ns such change I see,
Alas! my heart must fear for thee!

FLORIDOR.

Clouded or bright, the noon and sun
Are constant to the course they run;
So gay, or sad, my heart as true,
Rises and sets to love and you:
Look in the heav'ns, each star you see,
True to its orb, as I to thee.

CXII.

CXII.

THRO' all our hearts philosophers have taught,
 A subtle vapour flies,
 Warm'd in the veins, it kindles quick as thought,
 And sparkles in the eyes.

Be warn'd ye fair, and retire,
 Fly far from the flash,
 You'll repent if you're rash,
 O never play with fire !

If a youth comes, with grace and a song,
 Like Phæbus deck'd in rays,
 Then to your heart the fiery atoms throng,
 And set it in a blaze.
 Be warn'd ye fair, &c.

But should the youth come with honour and truth,
 Fly not your lover's rays,
 His heart in a flame, let your's be the same,
 And make a mutual blaze !

From him we need not retire,
 When such can be found,
 We may stand our ground,
 ● then we may play with fire.

CXIII.

O HOW weak will power and reason
To this bosom tyrant prove,
Every act is fancied treason,
To the jealous sovereign Love!

Passion urg'd the youth to danger,
Passion calls him back again :
Passion is to peace a stranger,
Seek I must my bliss or bane.

So the fever'd minds that languish,
And in scorching torments rave,
Thus to end or ease their anguish,
Headlong plunge into the wave.

CXIV.

BY my faith and wand,
Gracing now my hand,
I'm at your command,
For ever and for aye.
Heart within my breast,
Never shall have rest,
'Till of your's possess;
Heigh-ho!—alack a day!

Do you want a Knight ?
 Ready, brisk and tight,
 Foes and friends to fight,
 For ever and for aye.

If you want a slave,
 Whom you will not save,
 Send me to my grave,
 I'm dead---alack a day !

CXV.

ONCE as merry as the lark
 I mounted to the sky,
 But now I'm grown a sober spark,
 And like an owl,
 The wisest fowl,
 Will roll a dismal eye ;
 For Robinette will have it so,
 And what she will shall be,
 I therefore take to ho ! ho ! ho !
 And turn off he ! he ! he !

Once as merry as the kid,
 I frisk'd it o'er the ground,
 But since I am to laugh forbid,
 An ass I am,
 A sheep, a lamb,
 Shut up in dismal pound :
 For Robinette will have it so,
 And what she will shall be,
 I therefore take to ho ! ho ! ho !
 And turn off he ! he ! he !

CXVI.

CXVI.

BOTH O THE delight!
To be an errant knight!

ROB. O'er mountain, hill and rock,
In rain, and wind, and snow,
All dangers he must mock,
And must with pleasure go.
Quivering and quaking,
Shivering and shaking,
Dismal nights,
Horrid sprites,
Lions roaring,
Monsters snoring,
Castles tumbling,
Thunder grumbling:

BOTH. O the delight!
To be an errant knight!

ROB. Damsels squeaking,
Devils shrieking,
Clubs and giants,
Hurl defiance,
Night and day,
Lose they way,
Spirits sinking,
Nothing drinking,
Beat and beating,
Little eating,
Broken bones,
Beds of stones,

BOTH. O the delight!
To be an errant knight!

CXVII.

CRUEL fiends pursue me !
Torment me, and undo me !
 My rising hopes are crost,
 My sword and shield are lost !
My breast with valor glow'd,
Fame her temple shew'd,
Fiends have interpos'd,
The gates are ever, ever clos'd !

 Away with despair to the wind,
 Nothing daunts the noble mind ;
Crown'd with these flowers I'll take the field,
 My foes with this charm I will face,
 Love alone shall supply the place,
Of helmet, sword, and shield !

CXVIII.

YOUNG man, young man,
Be this your plan,
Wisdom get where'er you can ;
 See, see,
 The humble bee,
Draws wealth from the meanest of flowers,
 Then hies away,
 With his precious prey,
No passion his prudence sours.

Young

Young man, young man,
 Be this your plan,
 Wisdom get where'er you can.

Wild youth,
 Passion and truth,
 So opposite never agree ;
 Be prudent, sage,
 Draw wit from old age,
 And be wise as the humble bee.

Young man, young man,
 Be this your plan,
 Wisdom get where'er you can.

 CXIX.

NO pow'r can calm the storm to rest,
 No magic charm the father's breast,
 Which beats with doubts and fears :
 No more for active scenes I burn,
 My pow'r and strength to weakness turn,
 My manhood melts to tears !

I will not doubt---thro' stormy skies,
 My son shall break his way ;
 Shall cloudless o'er his errors rise,
 And fame shall hail the day !

CXX.

NEGR. STRIPLING, traitor; victim of my rage?
Stripling, traitor; offspring of sedition!
Dar'ft thou with Nigromant engage,
Nothing shall my wrath assuage,
But vengeance and perdition!

Triumphant joy my bosom swells;
Vain are your magic charms and spells,
Revenge that ne'er could sleep,
Her crimson standard rears,
Here on this fiery flood!
Revenge shall soon her laurels steep,
In the son's blood,
And in the father's tears.

FLOR. Thy terrors, threats, and boasts are vain,
Fantoms of a heated brain;
Let all thy fiends surround thee,
The elements conspire,
Thro' water, earth, and fire.
I'll follow and confound thee!

On the whirlwind if you ride,
Thro' all your spells I'll break,
Confound your guilt and pride,
And plunge into thy fiery lake,
With virtue for my guide.

CXXI.

CXXI.

LET the loud thunder rattle,
Flash lightning round thy head,
Place me in the front of battle.
By rage and horror led ;
'Tho' death in all her ghastly forms appear,
My heart that knows no crime, can know no fear,

CYMON. Garrick.

CXXII.

IF pure are the springs of the fountain,
As purely the river will flow,
If noxious the stream from the mountain.
It poisons the valley below :
So of vice, or of virtue, possess,
The throne makes the nation,
'Thro' ev'ry gradation,
Or wretched, or blest.

CXXIII.

WHAT is knowledge, beauty, and pow'r,
Or what is my magical art?
Can I for a day, for an hour,
Have beauty to make the youth kind,
Have pow'r o'er his mind,
Or knowledge to warm his cold heart?
O! no---a weak boy all my magic difarms,
And I figh all the day with my pow'r and charms.

CXXIV.

HITHER, all my spirits bend,
With your magic powers attend,
Chafe the mists that cloud his mind:
Music melt the frozen boy,
Raise his soul to love and joy;
Dullness makes the heart unkind.

CXXV.

O! why will you call me again,
'Tis in vain, 'tis in vain:
The pow'rs of a god
Cannot quicken this clod,
Alas!--it is labour in vain:
O Venus, my mother, some new object give her!
This blunts all my arrows, and empties my quiver.

CXXVI.

CXXVI.

YOU gave me last week a young linnet,
Shut up in a fine golden cage;
Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,
Oh how it did flutter and rage;
Then he mop'd and he pin'd,
That his wings were confin'd,
Till I open'd the door of his den;
Then so merry was he,
And because he was free.
He came to his cage back again.

CXXVII.

OH, liberty, liberty!
Dear happy liberty!
Nothing's like thee!
So merry are we,
My linnet and I,
From prison we're free,
Away we will fly,
To liberty, liberty,
Dear happy liberty!
Nothing's like thee.

CXXVIII.

CARE flies from the lad ~~that is merry,~~
Who's heart is as found,
And cheeks are as round,
As round and as red as a cherry.

CXXIX.

CXXIX.

I LAUGH, and I sing,
I am blithsome and free,
The rogue's little sting,
It can never reach me :
For with fal, la, la, la !
And ha, ha, ha, ha !
It can never reach me.

My skin is so tough,
Or so blinking is he,
He can't pierce my buff,
Or misses poor me.
For with fal, la, la, la !
And ha, ha, ha, ha !
He misses poor me.

O, never be dull,
By the sad willow tree :
Of mirth be brimful,
And run over like me.
For with fal, la, la, la !
And ha, ha, ha, ha !
Run over like me.

CXXX.

IF you make it your plan,
To love but one man,
By one you are surely betray'd :
Shou'd he prove untrue,
Oh! what can you do?
Alas you must die an old maid.
And you too must die an old maid.

Wou'd you ne'er take a sup,
But out of one cup,
And it proves brittle ware, you are curst :
If down it shou'd tip,
Or thro' your hands slip,
O how wou'd you then quench your thirst.
O how, &c.

If your palate to hit,
You chuse but one bit,
And that dainty tit-bit should not keep :
Then restless you lie,
Pout, whimper and cry,
And go without supper to sleep.
And go, &c.

As your shepherds have chose,
Two strings to their bows,
Shall one for each female suffice?
Take two, three, or four,
Like me take a score,
And then you'll be merry and wise.

CXXXI.

ALL amaze !
 Wonder, praise,
 Here for ever could I gaze !
 Creep still near it,
 Yet I fear it,
 I can neither stay nor go,
 Can't forsake it,
 Dare not wake it,
 Shall I touch it?---no ! no ! no !

Cymon, sure thou art posselt,
 Something's got into thy breast
 Gently stealing,
 Strangely feeling,
 And my heart is panting so,
 I am sad and merry, sick and well,
 What it is I cannot tell,
 Makes me thus---heigho ! heigho.

CXXXII.

YET awhile sweet sleep, deceive me,
 Fold me in thy downy arms,
 Let not care awake to grieve me,
 Lull it with thy potent charms.
 I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,
 Quitting young the parent's nest,
 Find each bird a bird of prey ;
 Sorrow knows not where to rest !

CXXXIII.

CXXXIII.

D U E T.

SYL. **O** TAKE this nosegay, gentle youth,

CYM. And you, sweet maid, take mine ;

SYL. Unlike these flow'rs, be thy fair truth ;

CYM. Unlike these flow'rs be thine.

These changing soon,

Will soon decay,

Be sweet till noon,

Then pass away.

Fair for a time their transient charms appear ;

But truth unchang'd shall bloom for ever here.

CXXXIV.

WHAT exquisite pleasure !

This sweet treasure

From me they shall never

Sever ;

In thee, in thee,

My charmer I see :

I'll sigh and caress thee,

I'll kiss thee and press thee,

Thus, thus, to my bosom for ever and ever.

CXXXV.

CXXXV.

HENCE ev'ry hope, and ev'ry fear;
Awake, awake, my power and pride,
Let Jealousy, stern Jealousy appear!
With Vengeance at her side!

Who scorns my charms, my pow'r shall prove,
Revenge succeeds to slighted love!
Revenge;---but oh, my sighing heart
With rebel love takes part;
Now pants again with all her fears,
And drowns her rage in tears.

CXXXVI.

THESE flowers, like our hearts, are united in one,
And they are bound up so fast they can't be undone;
So well they are blended, so beauteous to fight,
There springs from their union a tenfold delight;
Nor poison, nor weed here, our passion to warm;
But sweet without briar, the rose without thorn.

CXXXVII.

O WHY should we sorrow, who never knew sin!
Let smiles of content shew our rapture within:
This love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air!
He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care!
Each shepherdes views me with scorn and disdain!
Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain:
No more will I sorrow, no longer despair,
He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care;

CXXXVIII.

CXXXVIII.

WHEN I were young, tho' now am old,
 The men were kind and true :
 But now they're grown so false and bold,
 What can a woman do ?
 Now what can a woman do ?
 For men are truly,
 So unruly,
 I tremble at seventy-two.

When I were fair---tho' now so, so,
 No hearts were given to rove,
 Our pulses beat not fast nor slow,
 But all was faith and love :
 What can a woman do ?
 Now what can a woman do ?
 For men are truly,
 So unruly,
 I tremble at seventy-two !

CXXXIX.

IF she whispers the judge, be he ever so wise,
 Tho' great and important his trust is ;
 His hand is unsteady, a pair of black eyes
 Will kick up the balance of justice.

If his passions are strong, his judgement grows
weak,

For love thro' his veins will be creeping ;
And his worship, when near to a round dimple
cheek,

Tho' he ought to be blind, will be peeping.

CXL.

SMILE, damsel, smile,

I'll frown upon your foe ;

I'll pack her off, the vagrant vile,

This moment she shall go.

Smile, damsel, smile.

Sweet hazle nut,

The wicket slut

Shall trudge for many a mile ;

And all that I shall ask for this,

Is now and then a harmless kiss,

Smile, damsel, smile.

CXLI.

FROM duty if the shepherd stray,

And leave his flocks to feed,

The wolf will seize the harmless prey,

And Innocence will bleed.

In me a harmless lamb behold,

Opprest with every fear ;

O guard, good shepherd, guard the fold,

For wicked wolves are near.

CXLII.

 CXLII.

WHILE mortals charm their cares by sleep,
 And demons howl below,
 Urganda calls us from the deep ;
 Arise, ye sons of woe !
 Ever busy, ever willing,
 All these horrid tasks fulfilling,
 Which draw from mortal breasts the groan,
 And make their torments like our own.

CXLIII.

WHEN peace here was reigning,
 And love without waining,
 Or care or complaining,
 Base passions disdaining ;
 This, this was my way,
 With my pipe and my tabor,
 I laugh'd down the day,
 Nor envy'd the joys of my neighbour.

Now sad transformation
 Runs thro' the whole nation ;
 Peace, love, recreation,
 All chang'd to vexation ;
 This, this is my way,
 With my pipe and my tabor,
 I laugh down the day,
 And pity the cares of my neighbour.

While all are designing,
 Their friends undermining,
 Reviling, repining,
 To mischief inclining;
 This, this is my way,
 With my pipe and my tabor,
 I laugh down the day,
 And pity the cares of my neighbour.

 CXLIV.

BE sure you regard what I say,
 My commands to a tittle obey,
 Beware, beware,
 I ride in the air,
 And will watch you by night and by day;
 Tho' I raise both the sea and the wind,
 The tempest in fetters can bind,
 Yet my magic, more pow'ful and strong,
 Can stop the full tide of a woman's tongue.

 CXLV.

TAX my tongue, it is a shame :
 Merlin, sure, is much to blame,
 Not to let it sweetly flow.
 Yet the favours of the great,
 And the silly maiden's fate,
 Oft depend on yes or no.

Lack-a-day !
 Poor Fatima !
 Stinted so,
 To yes or no.

Should

Should I want to talk and chat,

Tell Urganda this or that,

How shall I about it go !

Let her ask me what she will,

I must keep my clapper still,

Striking only yes or no.

Lack-a-day !

Poor Fatima !

Stinted so,

To yes or no.

CXLVI.

COME on, come on,

A thousand to one,

I dare you to come on.

Tho' unpractis'd and young,

Love has made me stout and strong ;

Has giv'n me a charm,

Will not suffer me to fall ;

Has steel'd my heart, and nerv'd my arm,

To guard my precious all.

Come on, come on, &c.

CXLVII.

TORN from me, torn from me, which way did
they take her ?

To death they shall bear me,

To pieces shall tear me,

Before I'll forsake her !

Tho' fast bound in a spell,
 By Urganda and hell,
 I'll burst thro' their charms,
 Seize my fair in my arms,
 Then my valour shall prove,
 No magic like virtue, like virtue and love.

CLXVIII.

THO' still of raging winds the sport,
 My shipwreck'd heart shall gain the port;
 Revenge, the pilot steers the way;
 No more of tenderness and love,
 The eagle in her gripe has seiz'd the dove,
 And thinks of nothing but her prey.

CXLIX.

THO' various deaths surround me,
 No terrors can confound me;
 Protected from above,
 I glory in my love!
 Against thy cruel might,
 In this dreadful hour,
 I have a sure defence,
 'Tis innocence!
 That heav'nly right,
 To smile on guilty power!

CHOLERIC FATHERS. Holcroft.

CL.

WHEN o'er the world the heedless lamb,
Hath till the dusky twilight stray'd,
His simple plaints, cry, " Here I am,
" Of night and solitude afraid !"

But if far off his dam he hears,
Echoing oft the mournful bleat,
He runs and stops, and hopes and fears,
And bounds with pleasure when they meet.

CLI.

WHEN gloomy thoughts my soul possess,
Alike, in palace, plain, or grove,
Fond sighs my griefs and pangs express,
And plaintive songs of joyless love.

When doubts impatient rend my heart,
As rends the Hawk, the Turtle dove ;
Indignant, from each wood, I start,
And sing the songs of injured love.

But

But should my pangs, endur'd so long,
 The cruel Fates to pity move,
 I'd gladly change the mournful song,
 And sweetly sing the joys of love.

CLII.

WHEN Love invades the peaceful breast,
 No tyrant holds such cruel sway ;
 By night he robs the slaves of rest,
 And glories in their pangs by day.

The melting dew, that gently falls,
 The budding lily richly feeds,
 Till some invenom'd insect crawls,
 And ev'ry gath'ring sweet impedes.

Thus Love invades the peaceful breast,
 Tyrannic holds his cruel sway ;
 By night he robs his slaves of rest,
 And glories in their pangs by day.

The cruel Moor, that ploughs the main,
 The piercing cries of anguish hears,
 Exulting views inflicted pain,
 And triumphs in his captives tears.
 Thus Love, &c. &c. &c.

CLIII.

CLIII.

YOUR Mountain, Sack, and Frontiniac,
Tokay, and twenty more, Sir;
Your Sherry, and Perry, that makes men merry,
Are deities I adore, Sir;
And well may Port
Our praise extort,
When from his palace forth he comes,
And glucks and gurgles, fumes and foams;
Gurgle, gluck, gluck, gluck,
Hickup, gurgle and gluck.

The Briton, Sir John Barley-corn,
Stands highly in my favour;
His mantling head doth well adorn
His valour, and his flavour;
Nay, Cyder-an
Is a potent man,
When from his palace, &c.

Old Rum, Arrack, and Coniac,
Are known for men of might, Sir,
Nor shall Sir Flasket Florence lack,
A place among my Knights, Sir,
For each may well,
By turns excel,
When from his Palace, &c.

Madeira,

Madeira, Monarch, him I sing,
 And old Hock, lo ! another ;
 Champaign is my most Christian King,
 And Burgundy's his brother ;
 Brave Bourdeaux, too,
 Shall have his due,
 When from his Palace, &c.
 If singly thus, each champion may,
 So many laurels gather,
 Gods, what a glorious congress they,
 When all are met together !
 When, high in state,
 Each Potentate,
 Forth, from his spacious Palace, comes, &c.

CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

CLIV.

FLOW thou regal purple stream,
 Tinted by the solar beam,
 In my goblet sparkling rise,
 Chear my heart, and glad my eyes ;
 My brain, ascend on fancy's wing,
 'Noint me, wine, a jovial king.
 While I live, I'll lave my clay,
 When I'm dead, and gone away,
 Let my thirsty subjects say,——
 A month he reign'd, but that was May.

CLV.

CLV.

THE hardy sailor braves the ocean,
Fearless of the roaring wind,
Yet his heart with soft emotion,
Throbs to leave his heart behind.

To dread of foreign foes a stranger,
Tho' the youth can dauntless roam,
Alarming fears paint every danger,
In a rival left at home.

CLVI.

ON by the spur of valour goaded,
With pistols prim'd, and carbines loaded,
Courage strikes ou hearts on steel;
While each spark,
Thro' the dark
Gloom of night
Lends a clear and chearful light,
Who a fear or doubt can feel!

Like serpents now thro' thickets creeping,
Then on our prey like lions leaping;
Calvette to the onset lead us,
Let the wand'ring trav'ler dread us,
Struck with terror and amaze,
While our swords with lightning blaze,

Thunder

Thunder to our carbines roaring,
 Bursting clouds in torrent pouring,
 Wash the sanguine dagger's blade,
 Ours a free and roving trade ;
 To the onset let's away,
 Valour calls, and we obey.

 CLVII.

A MASTER I have, and I am his man,
 Galloping dreary dun,
 And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
 With a haily
 Gaily,
 Gambo raily,
 Giggling,
 Niggling,
 Galloping, galloway, draggie-tail, dreary dun.
 I saddled his steed so fine and so gay,
 Galloping dreary dun,
 I mounted my mule, and we rode away.
 With our haily, &c.
 We canter'd along until it grew dark,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 The nightingale sung instead of the lark.
 With her haily, &c.
 We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 By the Lord, says the friar, you're both gone astray.
 With your haily, &c.

Our

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 We wander alone like babes in the wood.
 With our haily, &c.

My master is fighting, and I'll take a peep,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 But now I think better, I'd better go sleep.
 With my haily
 Gaily,
 Gambo raily,
 Giggling,
 Niggling,
 Galloping, galloway, draggie-tail, dreary dun.

 CLVIII.

LIKE my dear swain, no youth you'd see,
 So blythe, so gay, so full of glee,
 In all our village---who but he
 To foot it up so featly?
 His lute to hear,
 From far and near,
 Each female came,
 Both girl and dame,
 And all his boon,
 For every tune,
 To kiss 'em round so sweetly.

While round him in the jocund ring,
 We nimbly danc'd, he'd play or sing ;
 Of May the youth was chosen king,

He caught our ears so neatly.
 Such musick rare
 In his guittar,
 But touch his lute,
 The crowd was mute ;
 His only boon,
 For every tune,
 To kiss 'em round so sweetly !

CLIX.

LOVE ! gay illusion,
 Pleasing delusion,
 With sweet intrusion
 Possesses the mind ;
 Heart with heart meeting,
 Passion is fleeting,
 Vows in repeating
 We trust to the wind ;
 Faith, to faith plighted,
 Love may be blighted,
 Hearts often slighted
 Will cease to be kind.

CLX.

IN the forest here hard by,
 A bold robber here was I,
 Sword and blunderbuss in hand,
 When I bid a traveller stand;
 Zounds deliver up your cash,
 Or straight I'll pop and flash,
 All among the leaves so green-o.

Damme, fir,
 If you fir,
 Sluice your veins,
 Blow your brains,
 Hey down,
 Ho down,
 Derry, derry down,
 All amongst the leaves so green-o.

Soon I'll quit the roving trade,
 When a gentleman I'm made;
 Then so spruce and debonnaire,
 'Gad I'll court a lady fair;
 How I'll prattle, tattle, chat,
 How I'll kiss her, and all that,
 All amongst the leaves so green-o!

How d'ye do ?
How are you ?
Why so coy ?
Let us toy,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongst the leaves so green-o.

But 'ere old, and grey my pate,
I'll scrape up a snug estate ;
With my nimbleness of thumbs,
I'll soon butter all my crumbs.
When I'm justice of the peace,
Then I'll master many a lease,
All amongst the leaves so green-o.

Wig profound,
Belly round,
Sit at ease,
Snatch the fees,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongst the leaves so green-o.

CLXI.

I HAVE a lover of my own,
So kind and true is he ;
As true, I love but him alone,
And he loves none but me.

I boast

I boast not of his velvet down,
 Or cheeks of rosy hue,
 His spicy breath, his ringlets brown,
 I prize the heart that's true.

So to all else I must say nay;
 They only fret and teaze:
 Dear youth, 'tis you alone that may
 Come court me when you please.

I play'd my love a thousand tricks,
 In seeming coy and shy;
 'Twas only, 'ere my heart I'd fix,
 I thought his love to try.

So to all else I must say nay;
 They only fret and teaze:
 Dear youth, 'tis you alone that may
 Come court me when you please.

CLXII.

IF I my heart surrender,
 Be ever fond and tender,
 And sweet connubial joy shall crown
 Each soft rosy hour;
 In pure delight our hearts shall own
 Love's triumphant power.

See brilliant belles admiring;
 See splendid beaus desiring;
 And for a while expiring,
 Where'er Lorenza moves.

To balls and routs resorting,
O bliss supreme! transporting!
Yet ogling, flirting, courting,
'Tis you alone she loves.
If I my heart, &c.

D U E T.

CLXIII.

ALPH. SO faithful to my fair I prove,
PHIL. So kind and constant to my love,
ALPH. I'd never range,
PHIL. I'd never change,
BOTH. Nor time, nor chance, my faith should
move.

PHIL. No ruby clusters grace the vine,
ALPH. Ye sparkling stars forget to shine,
PHIL. Sweet flowers to spring,
ALPH. Gay birds to sing,
BOTH. Those hearts then part that love shall join.

CLXIV.

HEY for a lass and a bottle to cheer
And a thumping bantling every year;
With a skin as white as snow,
And hair as brown as a berry!
With eyes as black as a floe,
And lips as red as a cherry!

Sing

Sing rory, tory,
 Dancing, prancing,
 Laugh and lay down is the play.
 We'll fondle together,
 To keep out the weather,
 And kiss the cold winter away.

Laugh while you live,
 For as life is a jest,
 Who laughs the most,
 Is sure to live the best.
 When I was not so old,
 I frolick'd among the misses ;
 And when they thought me too bold,
 I stopp'd their mouths with kisses.
 Sing rory, tory,

 CLXV.

A SOLDIER I am for a lady,
 What beau was arm'd compleater?
 When face to face,
 Her chamber the place,
 I'm able and willing to meet her.
 Gad's curse, my dear lasses, I'm ready
 To give you all satisfaction ;
 I am the man
 For the crack of your fan,
 Tho' I die at your feet in the action.
 Your bobbins may beat up a row-de-dow,
 Your lap-dog may out with his bow-wow-wow
 The challenge in love,
 I take up the glove,
 Tho' I die at your feet in the action.

CLXVI.

CLXVI.

THE musk-rose blooms in thorns and tears,
Yet queen of all the garden reigns ;
While Phœbe in a cloud appears,
Her virgin lustre she retains,
If foes, or cruel friends unkind,
A thought consoles each deep distress,
That conscious rectitude of mind,
In fortune's frown has power to bless.
For sweets, the tulip proud and gay,
Unto the humble violet yields ;
And Philomel's sequester'd lay
Transcends the chorus of the field.
If foes, &c.

CLXVII.

HEART beating,
Repeating
Vows in palpitation,
Sweetly answers each fond hope.
Prithee leave me,
You'll deceive me,
After other beauties running,
Smiles so roguish, eyes so cunning,
Shews where points the inclination,
Heart beating,
Repeating
Vows in palpiration,
Sweetly answers each fond hope.

CLXVIII.

CLXVIII.

LOVE ! sweet poison, torment pleasing,
Pure delight in vain you give ;
Thrilling anguish, flattering, teasing,
Ne'er from grief or rapture ceasing,
Yet I'll love, or cease to live.

CLXIX.

AT the peaceful midnight hour,
Ev'ry sense, and ev'ry power,
Fetter'd lies in downy sleep,
Then our careful watch we keep.
While the wolf in nightly prowl
Bays the moon with hideous howl,
Gates are barr'd, a vain resistance !
Females shriek, but no assistance.
Silence ! or you meet your fate ;
Your keys, your jewels, cash and plate ;
Locks, bolts, bars, soon fly asunder,
Then to rifle, rob, and plunder.

CLXX.

THO' born to be little's my fate,
Why so was the great Alexander ;
And when I march under a gate,
I've no need to stoop like a gander :

I'm

I'm no linkum long hedd-doddy,
 Whose paper kite sails in the sky;
 If two feet I want in my body,
 In soul I am thirty feet high!
 With my merry fa, la.

Sweet lass, of sweet love can you toil
 With such a compact little lovy?
 Tho' no one can taste the big whale,
 All relish the little anchovy.
 The eagle, tho' for an high flyer,
 Of fine feather'd fowl is the crack,
 Yet when he cou'd fly up no higher.
 The little wren jump'd on his back.
 With my merry fa, la.

G L E B.

CLXXI.

SOCIAL powers, at pleasure's call,
 Welcome here to Hymen's hall;
 Bacchus—Ceres, bless the feast.
 Momus lend the sprightly jest:
 Songs of joy elate the soul,
 Hebe fill the flowing bowl.
 Ev'ry pure and chaste delight
 Crown with love this happy night.

DOCTOR

DOCTOR and APOTHECARY. Cobb.

CLXXII.

YE hours that part my love and me,
And flow with envy creep,
The dawn of bliss obscur'd by clouds
Of doubt, in vain ye keep.
Still I through Sorrow's tedious night,
Hope's friendly star discern:
On that I fix my anxious eye
Until my love return.
By jealousy's pernicious power,
Untainted are my sighs:
Confiding in my Juan's truth,
My fondest wishes rise.
Still I thro' Sorrow's, &c.

CLXXIII.

BACCHUS now his nap is taking;
But his pow'r can ne'er subdue
Watchful Love, who, ever waking,
Bids the sleeping sot adieu.
Bacchus shou'd on Venus waiting,
Hold the cup with bended knee;
None but fools, his worth o'er-rating,
With the servant make too free.
Bacchus now his nap, &c.

CLXXIV.

CLXXIV.

LET angry Ocean to the sky,
 In proud despite his billows roll;
 Let thunders to his threats reply,
 Fear is a stranger to my soul.
 Within the heart which love illumines,
 And blesses with his sacred rays,
 If meaner passion e'er presumes,
 It fades before the hallow'd blaze.

Tho' War with sullen aspect low'r,
 And crimson o'er the troubled wave,
 And emulate the lightning's power,
 The dangers of the fight I brave,
 Within the heart, &c.

CLXXV.

THE summer heats bestowing
 Their influence on the rose,
 Perfect in charms when blowing,
 And every sweet disclose.
 Yet summer suns decaying
 The zephyrs and the shower.
 Their fervid glow applying,
 Destroy their fav'rite flower,
 The love-sick heart requiring
 The sunshine of success;
 Continual bliss desiring,
 Yet sickens with excess.

The

The fond, the secret tear,
 Soft passion keeps alive;
 The breath of doubt and fear,
 Like zephyrs bid it thrive,

DUENNA. Sheridan.

CLXXVI.

TELL me, my lute, can thy fond strain
 So gently speak thy master's pain,
 So softly sing, so humbly sigh,
 That---tho' my sleeping love shall know
 Who sings---Who sighs below,---
 Her rosy slumbers shall not fly.
 Thus may some vision whisper more
 Than ever I durst speak before!

CLXXVII.

COULD I her faults remember,
 Forgetting every charm,
 Soon would impartial reason
 The tyrant Love disarm:
 But when enrag'd I number
 Each failing of her mind,
 Love still suggests her beauty,
 And sees, while reason's blind.

CLXXVIII.

I NEVER could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me :
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid that seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose untouch'd by art ?---
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue,
Is her hand so soft and pure ?---
I must press it to be sure :
Nor can I e'en be certain then,
'Till it grateful press again.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh ?
I will do so---when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

CLXXIX.

FRIENDSHIP is the bond of reason ;
But if beauty disapprove,
Heav'n absolves all other treason,
In the heart that's true to love.
The faith which to my friend I swore,
As a civil oath I view :
But to the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true.

Then

Then if to one I false must be ;
 Can I doubt which to prefer---
 Breach of social faith with thee,
 Or sacrilege to love and her.

CLXXX.

THO' the cause of suspicion appears,
 Yet proofs of her love too are strong :---
 I'm a wretch if right in my fears,
 And unworthy her smiles if I'm wrong.
 What heart-breaking torments from jealousy flow,
 Ah ! none but the jealous---the jealous can know !
 When blest with the smiles of my fair,
 I know not how much I adore ;
 These smiles let another but share,
 And I wonder I priz'd them no more.
 Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe,
 When the falser she seems, still the fonder I grow !

CLXXXI.

THOU can'st not boast of fortune's store,
 My love ! while me they wealthy call ;
 But I was glad to find thee poor---
 For, with my heart, I'd give thee all :
 And then the grateful youth shall own,
 I lov'd him for himself alone.

But, when his worth my hand shall gain,
 No word or look of mine shall shew,
 That I the smallest thought retain,
 Of what my bounty did bestow:
 Yet still his grateful heart shall own,
 I lov'd him for himself alone.

CLXXXII.

IF a daughter you have, she's the plague of
 your life :

No peace you shall know---tho' you've buried
 your wife :

At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her
 O ! what a plague is an obstinate daughter !

Sighing and whining !

Dying and pining !

O ! what a plague is an obstinate daughter !

When scarce in their teens they have wit to per-
 plex us ;

With letters and lovers they perpetually vex us ;

While each still rejects the fair suitor you've brought
 her ;

Wrangling and jangling !

Flouting and pouting !

O ! what a plague is an obstinate daughter !

CLXXXIII.

WHEN sable night each drooping plant restoring
 Wept o'er her flow'rs her breath did cheer,
 As some sad widow o'er her babe deploring,
 Wakes its beauty with a tear.

When all did sleep, whose weary hearts could borrow

One hour from love and care to rest---
 Lo! as I press'd my couch in silent sorrow,
 My lover caught me to his breast!

He vow'd he came to save me
 From those that would enslave me;

Then kneeling,

Kisses stealing,

Endless faith he swore?

But soon I chid him thence,

For, had his fond pretence

Obtain'd one favour then---

And had he press'd again,

---I fear'd my treach'rous heart might grant him
 more!

CLXXXIV.

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd,

I ne'er could injure you:

For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,

Your charms would make me true.

To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong;
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest;
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passions rest,
 And act a brother's part.

Then lady dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong;
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet;
 And brothers in the young.

 CLXXXV.

GIVE Isaac the nymph whom no beauty can
 boast,

But health and good-humour to make her his toast;
 If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat;
 At six feet, or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion, I vow I don't care;
 If brown it is lasting---more pleasant if fair,
 And, tho' in her cheek I no dimples should see,
 Let her smile---and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
 And her eyes---be e'en any colour but green;
 For in eyes, tho' so various in lustre and hue,
 I swear I've no choice---only let her have two.

'Tis

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
 And white teeth I own---are genteeler than black
 A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
 But I only desire---that she mayn't have a beard.

CLXXXVI.

WHEN the maid whom we love
 No intreaties can move,
 Who'd lead a life of pining?
 If her charms will excuse
 The fond rashness you use,
 ---Away with idle whining?

Ne'er stand like a fool,
 With looks sheepish and cool;
 ---Such bashful love is teasing:
 But with spirit address,
 And your sure of success:
 For honest warmth is pleasing.

Nay, tho' wedlock's in view,
 Like a rake if you'll woo,
 Girls sooner quit their coldness:
 They know beauty inspires,
 Less respect than desires---
 Hence love is prov'd by boldness.---
 So ne'er stand like a fool, &c.

CLXXXVII.

WHEN a tender maid
Is first essay'd
By some admiring swain,
How her blushes rise,
If she meets his eyes,
While he unfolds his pain !

If he takes her hand---she trembles quite !
Touch her lips---and she swoons outright.
While a pit-a-pat, &c.
Her heart avows her fright.

But in time appear
Fewer signs of fear ;
The youth she boldly views ;
If her hand he grasp,
Or her bosom clasp,
No mantling blush ensues !

Then to church well pleas'd the lovers move,
While her smiles her contentment prove :
And a pit-a-pat, &c.
Her heart avows her love !

CLXXXVIII.

AH, sure a pair was never seen,
So justly form'd to meet by nature !
The youth excelling so in mein,
The maid in ev'ry grace of feature !
O, how happy are such lovers,
When kindred beauties each discovers !
For surely she
Was made for thee,
And thou to bless this lovely creature !
So mild your looks your children thence, |
Will early learn the task of duty.
The boys with all their father's sense,
The girls with all their mother's beauty.
O, how happy to inherit
At once such graces and such spirit !
Thus, while you live,
May fortune give---
Each blessing---equal to your merit !

CLXXXIX.

A BUMPER of good liquor,
Will end the contest quicker,
Than justice, judge, or vicar;
So fill a chearful glass,
And let good humour pass.

But

But if more deep the quarrel,
Why sooner drain the barrel,
Than be the hateful fellow,
That's crabbed when he's mellow.

A bumper, &c.

CXC.

WHAT bard, O Time, discover,
With wings first made thee move!
Ah! sure he was some lover
Who ne'er had left his love!

For who that once did prove
The pangs which absence brings,
Tho' but one day,
He were away,
Could picture thee with wings?

What bard, &c.

CXCI.

OH, had my love ne'er smil'd on me,
I ne'er had known such anguish;
But, think how false, how cruel she,
To bid me cease to languish;
To bid me hope her hand to gain,
Breathe on a flame half perish'd,
And then, with cold and fix'd disdain,
To kill the hope she cherish'd!

Not

Not worfe his fate---who, on a wreck
 That drove as winds did blow it---
 Silent had left the fhatrer'd deck
 To find a grave below it :

Then land was cried---no more resign'd, .
 He glow'd with joy to hear it,
 ---Not worfe his fate---his woe to find
 The wreck must fink e'er near it.

CXCII.

O THE days when I was young ! |
 When I laugh'd in fortune's spite,
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,
 And with nectar crown'd the night,

Then it was, old father Care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown ;
 Half thy malice youth could bear,
 And the reft a bumper drown.
 O the days, &c.

Truth they fay lies in a well ;
 Why I vow I ne'er could fee---
 Let the water-drinkers tell,
 ---There it always lay for me !

For, when sparkling wine went round
 Never faw I falfehood's mask :
 But ftill honeft truth I found
 ---In the bottom of each flalk.
 O the days, &c.

True,

True, at length my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay ;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey :

Yet old Jerome thou may'st boast,
 While the spirits do not tire,
 Still beneath thy age's frost
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.

O the days, &c.

CXCIII.

BY him we love offended,
 How soon our anger flies !
 One day apart 'tis ended,
 Behold him, and it dies !
 Last night your roving brother
 Enrag'd, I bade depart,
 And sure his rude presumption
 Deserv'd to lose my heart :
 Yet, were he now before me,
 In spite of injur'd pride,
 I fear my eyes would pardon---
 Before my tongue could chide.
 By him we love, &c.

With truth the bold deceiver
 To me thus oft has said---
 ' In vain would Clara flight me,
 ' In vain she would upbraid !

No

- No scorn those lips discover---
 - Where dimples laugh the while ;
 - No frowns appear resentful,
 - Where heav'n has plac'd a smile !
 - By him we love, &c.
-

CXCIV.

HOW oft, Louisa, hast thou said
(Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)
Thou would'st not lose Antonio's love
To reign the partner of a throne !
And by those lips that spoke so kind !
And by this hand I press'd to mine !
---To gain a subject nation's love,
I swear I would not part with thine.
Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
Who own what kingdoms could not buy !
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
And serving thee---a monarch I.
Thus controul'd in mutual bliss
And rich in love's exhaustless mine---
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine ?

CXCV.

ADIEU, thou dreary pile, where never dies
The sullen echo of repentant sighs !
Ye sister mourners of each lonely cell,
Inur'd by hymns and sorrows, fare you well !
For happier scenes, I fly this darksome grove,
---To saints a prison, but a tomb of love !

CXCVI.

THIS bottle's the fun of our table,
His beams are rosy wine,
We---planets who are not-able,
Without his help, to shine.

Let mirth and glee abound,
You'll soon grow bright,
With borrow'd light,
And shine as he goes round !
This bottle's, &c.

CXCVII.

CXCVII.

COME now for jest and smiling,
Both old and young beguiling,
Let us laugh and play, so blithe and gay,
'Till we banish care away;
Thus crown'd with dance and song,
The hours shall glide along
With a heart at ease---merry, merry glees
Can never fail to please.

Each bride with blushes glowing,
Our wine as rosy flowing,
Let us laugh and play, &c.
Then a health to ev'ry friend,
The night's repast shall end,
With a heart at ease, &c.

Nor while we are so joyous,
Shall anxious care annoy us.
Let us laugh and play, &c.
For gen'rous guests like these,
Accept the wish to please,
So we'll laugh and play, all blithe and gay,
Your smiles drive care away.

The DEVIL to PAY.

CXCVIII.

HE that has the best wife,
She's the plague of his life;
But for her who will scold and will quarrel,
Let him cut her off short
Of her meat and her sport,
And ten times a day hoop her barrel, brave boys,
And ten times a day hoop her barrel.

CXCIX.

COME jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleasure;
Let none at cares of life repine,
To destroy our pleasure:
Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal soul
May drink and sing without controul,
To support our pleasure.
Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
Guardian of our treasure;
That under thy protection we
May enjoy new pleasure.

And

And as the hours glide away,
 We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
 And sing thy praises that we may
 Live and die with pleasure.

O'er hills and high mountains,
 We'll drink dry the fountains,
 Until the sun rises again, brave boys,
 Until the sun rises again.
 Then here's to thee my boy boon,
 And here's to thee, my boy boon;
 As we've tarry'd all day,
 For to drink down the sun,
 So we'll tarry and drink down the moon, brave
 boys,
 So we'll tarry and drink down the moon.

CC.

YE gods! you gave to me a wife,
 Out of your grace and favour,
 To be the comfort of my life,
 And I has glad to have her;
 But if your providence divine,
 For greater blifs design her,
 To obey your wills at any time,
 I am ready to resign her.

CCI.

OF the states in life so various,
Marriage, sure, is most precarious;
'Tis a maze so strangely winding,
Still we are new mazes finding;
'Tis an action so severe,
That nought but death can set us clear :
Happy's the man, from wedlock free,
Who knows to prize his liberty.
 Were men wary,
 How they marry,
We should not be by half so full of misery.

CCII.

OF all the trades from east to west,
The cobbler's past contending,
Is like in time to prove the best,
Which every day is mending :
How great his praise who can amend
The soles of all his neighbours,
Nor is unmindful of his end,
But to his last still labours,

CCIII.

LET matters of state
 Disquiet the great,
 The cobbler has nought to perplex him;
 Has nought but his wife
 To ruffle his life,
 And her he can strap if she vex him.
 He's out of the pow'r
 Of Fortune, that whore,
 Since low as can be she has thrust him;
 From duns he's secure,
 For, being so poor,
 There's none to be found that will trust him.

DAPHNE and AMINTOR.

CCIV.

THINK, oh! think, within my breast,
 While contending passions reign,
 How my heart is robb'd of rest;
 And, in pity, ease my pain.
 To a lover, thus distrest,
 Torn with doubts, and hopes, and fears,
 Ev'ry moment, till he's blest,
 Is a thousand, thousand years.

CCV.

CCV.

SUCH riot and romping, such wildness and fury,
As if folks were just running out of their wits;
No man shall come near us, of that I assure ye,
Unless you restrain these extravagant fits.
Remember, your strict, philosophical breeding;
Fye, fye! I'm asham'd of a girl at your age:
Are those the effects of our study and reading,
That every trifle your mind should engage?

CCVI.

VAINLY bent to conquer Nature,
We our utmost force essay;
What can foil her? what can cheat her?
What her sacred pow'rs allay;
Nothing prudent, there, nor wise is;
Nothing stable, nothing true;
With superior strength she rises,
Spite of all that art can do.

CCVII.

SAY, oh! too lovely creature,
Thou cause of all my smart!
What means this palpitation,
Without a feeling heart?

There's

There's conjuration in it :
 It ceases--Then, in a minute,
 Such rapping,
 And tapping,
 As if it ne'er wou'd rest ;
 Mine too, I vow,
 I can't tell how,
 Is like to burst my breast.

CCVIII.

HOWE'ER you may think still to deceive me.
 And keep me confin'd like a bird in a cage ;
 Kind Fortune, perhaps, yet may relieve me,
 And shew you the simpleton quit with the sage.
 Yes, my dear, depend on't,
 One time or other there will be an end on't :
 Some notions have ta'en me,
 That freedom will gain me,
 And matters explain me,
 More suiting my age.
 First and foremost, my books, I'll demolish ;
 Next, all your learn'd apparatus shall go ;
 Ev'ry trace of sense to abolish ;
 Then judge if I'm serious or no.

CCIX.

PRETEND no longer to restrain
The passion struggling in my mind ;
Like sprightly couriers, that disdain
The feeble curbing of the rein,
It starts, and leaves the will behind.
My pangs increase ! I'm all on fire !
Then let me to the charmer fly ;
Obtain her love, my soul's desire,
Or, at her feet, a martyr die,

DESERTER. Diddin.

CCX.

MY life's three parts diminish'd,
And when the sum is finish'd,
The parish-bell may toll,
Gra' mercy on my soul !
Ding dong !
Swing swong !
Methinks my old companions say,
That though his hairs are now grown grey,
Old Ruffet once, upon a day,
When all was mirth and jollity ;

When

When sports went round, and bells did ring,
 Could briskly dance, and blythe could sing;
 And then upon the green to see
 His rustic feats---'twas who but he!
 I'd give this bauble, life, away,
 Without a sigh, could I but stay,
 To see a little infant care;
 Like Henry brave, Louisa fair;
 Could I see this, I'd yield content,
 A life, I hope, not badly spent.

CCXI.

THOUGH prudence may press me,
 And duty distress me,
 Against inclination, O, what can they do!
 No longer a rover,
 His follies are over,
 My heart, my fond heart, says my Henry is true.

The bee, thus as changing,
 From sweet to sweet, ranging,
 A rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to stray;
 With raptures possessing;
 In one every blessing,
 'Till torn from her bosom, he flies far away.

CCXII.

CCXII.

ONE conduct's for
 Both love and war,
 The point's to gain possession ;
 For this we watch
 The enemy's coast,
 'Till we sleeping catch
 Them on their post :
 Then good b'ye form,
 The fort we storm,
 Make towns or hearts,
 Surrender at discretion.

In love the only battery.
 Which with success we play
 To conquer hearts, is flattery :
 No fortrefs can its power withstand,
 Neither cannons, mortars, sword in hand,
 Can make such way.

As 'tis in love, so 'tis in war,
 We make believe,
 Mislead, deceive ;
 Pray, what serve drums and trumpets for ?
 Cannons, and all our force of arms ?
 But with their thund'ring alarms,
 To tell, not cover our designs ;
 Can these to trenches, breaches, mines,
 Blockades, or ambuscades, compare ?
 No, all agree
 That policy,
 Is the true art militaire.

CCXIII.

CCXIII.

THE whims of folks in love to know,
I believe would fairly pose Old Nick;
This moment fast---next moment flow;
Now consenting,
Now repenting,
Nor at this, or that will stick;
But changing still,
They wont---they will---
When they mean yes, they'll answer no;
And fume and fret,
This hour to get;
What they dislike an hour ago.

If you expect to find them here,
To t'other side they quickly vere;
The wind and tide,
In the same mood will longer bide,
Like two fond turtles side by side:
This hour they woo,
And bill and coo!
Then, by and by,
No reason why,
They make the devil and all to do.

CCXIV.

WOMEN and wine compare so well,
They run in a perfect parallel ;
For women bewitch us when they will ;
 And so does wine ;
They make the statesman lose his skill.
The soldier, lawyer, and divine :
They put strange whims in the gravest skull,
And send their wits to gather wool ;
Then since the world thus runs away ;
 And women and wine,
 Are alike divine ;
Let's love all night, and drink all day !

FONTAINEBLEAU. O'Keeffe.

CCXV.

THE British Lion is my sign ;
 A roaring trade I drive on ;
Right English usage,---neat French wine,
 A landlady may thrive on.
At table d'hotte, to eat and drink,
 Let French and English mingle,
And while to me they bring the chink,
 Faith let the glasses gingle ;

Your

Your rhino rattle, come
 Men and cattle come
 All to Mrs. Casey,
 Of trouble and money,
 My jewel, my honey,
 I warrant I'll make you easy.

When drest and feated in my bar,
 Let 'squire, or beau, or belle come,
 Let captains kifs me, if they dare,
 'Tis Sir, you're kindly welcome!
 On Shuffle, Cog, and Slip, I wink,
 Let Rooks and Pigeons mingle,
 And if to me they bring the chink,
 Faith, let the glasses jingle.
 Rhino rattle, come, &c.

Let love fly here, on filken wings,
 His tricks I still connive at;
 The lover who would say soft things,
 Shall have a room in private.
 On pleasure I am pleas'd to wink,
 So lips in kisses mingle,
 For while to me they bring the chink,
 Faith, let the glasses jingle.
 Your rhino rattle, come
 Men and cattle, come
 All to Mrs. Casey;
 Of trouble and money,
 My jewel, my honey,
 I warrant I'll make you easy.

CCXVI.

THE fight when past,---in golden skies,
If whiten'd cliffs the sailor spies,
 Completely blest'd!
The fight each tender thought inspires,
His loves on shore, and fancy fires
 His faithful breast;
The dancing waves salute his oar,
He pulls and sings " My love's on shore!"

CCXVII.

THROUGH circling sweets I freely rove,
And think my passion true,
But every charm that man can love,
 Sweet love, I find in you.
I will not boast with stoic pride,
 That I've a heart of stone;
That I have often gaz'd and sigh'd,
 To you I frankly own.
 For circling sweets, &c.
That beauty bears a gentle mind,
 The source of every joy,
Is now the hope I wish to find,
 Then don't that hope destroy.
 For circling sweets, &c.

For

For since that each external grace
 Is by my fair possess'd,
 In pity let her mind keep pace,
 And make her lover blest.
 For circling sweets, &c.

FLITCH OF BACON. Rev. H. Bate Dudley.

CCXVIII.

OH, a gay flashy lord is a woundy fine sight !
 Who is ne'er to be seen but with owls in the night :
 Then, so slight here behind,
 He's blown through by the wind ;
 So cropp'd,
 And belopp'd !
 Such timber, so limber, from top to the toe,
 That he wriggles and nods as he walks to and fro !
 I ne'er see'd but one in the course of my life,
 And him I had lick'd but for Bridget my wife ;
 I laugh'd at his pride,
 And the spit by his side :
 Good lack !
 His long back
 Like a building so weak is, it hardly can stand,
 But would snap short in two like a twig in this hand !

G L E E.

CCXIX.

How merrily we live that soldiers be !
Round the world thus we march with merry glee :
On the pleasant downs sometimes encamp'd
we lie ;
No cares we know, but Fortune's frowns defy. }
So long as we can see our colours fly.

CCXX.

THE pow'rs that agitate the seas,
And bid the billows roar,
Can calm them into bounds of peace,
And make them kiss the shore :

But I, who rais'd, and left the storm
To wreck a parent's breast,
Can ne'er approach his dreaded form,
To bless him, or be bless'd.

CCXXI.

NO ;---'twas neither shape nor feature
Made me own thy sovereign sway ;
Ev'n thine, the proudest gifts of nature,
Could have triumph'd but a day !

Beauty's

Beauty's graces, though inviting,
 Scarce the ravag'd sense will bind;
 But, with virtue's charms uniting,
 Steal Love's fetters o'er the mind.

CCXXII.

TELL me which of magic charms
 Ev'ry earthly pow'r disarms;
 Young ones pleasing,
 Grey-beards teasing,
 Setting fancy wild afloat?
 'Tis the snow-white petticoat!
 Circled thus from prying eyes,
 Love's immortal witchcraft lies:
 And to bless us,
 Or distress us,
 Nature bids us fondly doat---
 On the snow-white petticoat!

CCXXIII.

FROM Minden's plains of glory,
 I date my warlike story;
 Where conquest, never yet out-done,
 By British arms was nobly won!
 See old Kingfley's lads present!
 Revenge desiring!
 Incessant firing!
 On fame and Britain's glory bent.

All our powder and ball expended,
 The Monsieurs thought the battle ended ;
 Till with bayonets advancing,
 We quickly set their columns prancing,
 And, to make our vict'ry good,
 Follow'd through a crimson flood !

 CCXXIV.

WITHIN this breast the record lies
 Of all the vows he made ;
 His lips,---but more his tell-tale eyes,
 His inmost soul betray'd !

How could I shun the pleasing pain ;
 When all my doubts were flown ?
 Besides, my blushes told the swain
 My heart was not my own !

 CCXXV.

ODDS-BOBS, she's wond'rous pretty !
 Her locks are almost jetty !
 She's a finer wench than Betty !
 And see her eyes are blue !

Her snow-white bosom's heaving ;
 My appetite is craving !
 She hits my taste to a shaving !
 Sweet damsel, how do you do ?

CCXXVI.

CCXXVI.

THE heart, the gallant soldier forms,
Surrenders at discretion ;
To his command e'en love conforms,
And gains him quick possession.
This silent grove
Abets your love,
While you my heart trepan ;---
Cease to woo me,
You'll undo me,
Too bewitching man !

Oh ! if I yield and grant your will,
I doubt you would forsake me ;
And, should you not your vows fulfil,
Despair would overtake me !
The heart, &c.

CCXXVII.

YE good men and wives,
Who have lov'd all your lives,
And whose vows have at no time been shaken,
Now come and draw near,
With your consciences clear,
And demand a huge Flitch of Bacon !
Ye good men, &c.

Since

Since a year and a day
 Have in love roll'd away,
 And an oath of that love has been taken,
 On the sharp-pointed stones,
 With your bare marrow-bones,
 You have won our fam'd Priory Bacon.
 Since a year, &c.

The FARMER. O'Keeffe.

CCXXVIII.

NO more I'll court the Town-bred fair,
 Who shines in artificial beauty;
 For native charms without compare,
 Claim all my love, respect and duty.
 Oh, my bonny Bet, sweet blossom,
 Was I a King so proud to wear thee,
 From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
 To grace thy faithful lover's bosom.
 Yet ask me where those beauties lie,
 I cannot say in smile or dimple;
 In blooming cheek or radiant eye,
 'Tis happy nature wild and simple.
 Oh, my-bonny Bet, &c.
 Let

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
 And sigh in numbers trite and common;
 Ye Gods ! one darling wish be mine,
 And all I ask is lovely woman.
 Oh, my bonny Bet, &c.

Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
 Like thy bright eye, with pleasure dancing ;
 My heaven art thou, so take my soul,
 With rapture ev'ry sense entrancing.
 Oh, my bonny Bet, &c.

CCXXIX.

TO hear a sweet Goldfinch's sonnet,
 This morning I put on my bonnet,
 But scarce in the meadow, pies on it !
 When the Captain appears in my view ;
 I felt an odd sort of sensation,
 My heart beat in strong palpitation,
 I blush'd like a pink or carnation,
 When says he, my dear, How d'ye do ?

The dickins, say I, here has popp'd him,
 I thought to slip by, but I stopp'd him,
 So my very best curtsy I dropt him ;
 With an air then he took off his hat ;
 He seem'd with my person enchanted,
 He squeez'd my hand, how my heart panted !
 He ask'd for a kiss, and I granted,
 And, pray now, what harm was in that ?

Says

Says I, Sir, for what do you take me?
 He swore a fine lady he'd make me,
 No, demn him! he'd never forsake me,
 And then on his knee flopp'd down;
 His handkerchief, la! smelt so sweetly,
 His white teeth he shew'd so compleatly,
 He manag'd the matters so neatly,
 I ne'er can be kiss'd by a clown.

CCXXX.

GAD-a-mercy! devil's in me,
 All the damsels wish to win me;
 Like a may-pole round me clutter,
 Hanging garlands---fuss, and flutter!
 Liling, cap'ring, grinning, smirking,
 Pouting, bobbing, winking, jerking,
 Kates and Bettys,
 Polls and Letties,
 All were doating gentle creatures,
 On these features.---
 To their aprons all would pin me,
 Gad-a-mercy! devil's in me,
 All the damsels wish to win me,
 Pretty damsels, ugly damsels;
 Black-hair'd damsels, plump fac'd damsels;
 Six feet damsels, three feet damsels;
 Pale fac'd damsels, red fac'd damsels;
 Small leg'd damsels, thick-leg'd damsels;

Pretty,

Pretty, ugly, black-hair'd, red-hair'd, six feet,
three feet.

Pale fac'd, plump-fac'd, small-leg'd, thick-leg'd,
dainty, dowdy.

All run after me, Sir, me ;
For when pretty fellows we,

Pretty maids are frank and free,
For their stays taking measure
Of the ladies, oh the pleasure !

Oh, such tempting looks they gi'me !

Wishing of my heart to nim me ;

Pat and cry, you devil Jemmy ?

Pretty ladies, ugly ladies, &c,

CCXXXI.

A FLAXEN-headed cow-boy, as simple as may
be,

And next a merry plough-boy, I whistled o'er the
lea ;

But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,
And soon I'll be a butler, and wag my jolly face,
When steward I'm promoted, I'll snip a trades-
man's bill.

My master's coffers empty, my pockets for to fill :
When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll
be,

You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled
o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made
 the pelf,
 I'll stand poll for the Parliament, and then vote in
 myself.
 Whatever's good for---me, Sir, I never will op-
 pose ;
 When all my ayes are sold off, why then Ill sell
 my noes.
 I'll bawl, harangue, and paragraph, with speeches
 charm the ear,
 And when I'm tir'd on my legs, then I'll sit down
 a Peer.
 In court or city honour, so great a man I'll be,
 You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled
 o'er the lea.

The GOLDEN PIPPIN. O'Hara.

CCXXXII.

IF I have some---little---beauty---
 Can I help it?---No, not I;---
 Some good luck too---'tis my duty
 Gifts so precious to apply.
 Nature---Fortune---gave 'em freely ;
 And I'll use 'em---quite genteelly.

If

If the Smarts of the sky
Cringe, ogle, and figh,
Whene'er I pass by ;

And cry,

Looky there !

What an air !

Gods, how fair !

Pray, why

(To feed your starch'd pride)

Must I go and hide,

'Till you're made a bride ?

Who, I ?

No, no——If I do, may I die.

CCXXXIII.

WHEN bickrings hot,

To high words got,

Break out at Gamiorum ;

The flame to cool,

My Golden Rule

Is---Push about the Jorum.

With fist on jug,

Coifs who can lug ?

Or shew me that glib speaker,

Who her red rag

In gibe can wag,

With her mouth full of liquor.

When bickerings hot, &c.

CCXXXIV.

TO set at odds
These hair-brain'd Gods,
The turn of a straw or a pin does :
I make them fret,
Take pet,,
Curvet,
And sling Heaven out o' the windows.
He, she, foul, handsome, all,
On wires I dance 'em all,
Jove of my puppets but is chief ;
Sky, earth, and ocean,
I put in commotion :
I doat on a snug bit o' mischief.

CCXXXV.

Tune, Sweet if you love me.

TOLD by the Porter and the Page,
Not at home —
You'd ha' thought she'd burst with rage.
'Skips, I must see the Queen, and will---
Dear Ma'am says I---the Queen is ill,
Takes James's Powder, and Ward's Pill.
Not at home,
Echo'd they to all her askings.

To

To this Pippin bid her smell,

Bid her smell,

I'll engage she'll soon be well.

I box'd the Fox this morn, says she,

And from th' Hesperian Dragon's tree

Hoik'd off with 't to her Majesty :

So, bye ! bye !

I must fly,

He's hard at my Galligaskins.

CCXXXVI.

WHEN you're bosky, half-seas over,

Doxies wind you as they please ;

Thro' their eyes you then discover,

That the Moon's a huge green-cheese.

They have their wits,

Mind their own hits ;

Nick the fit

To wheedle a bit,

With a tip

Of the lip,

And a roguish squeeze.

Jovy, my soul !---

What does it say ?

Fire the North Pole !

Jove's your Valet.---

When you're bosky, &c.

CCXXXVII.

SINCE 'tis writ in the volume of fate,
That to surrender
To the male gender,
Females must lay their account soon or late ;
She must submit has a God to her mate.
Bounce, bounce ; Juno may flounce ;
Storm and thunder :
She'll knock under :
Rave, rave ; Jupiter, rave !
Master you'll be---and your wife be a slave.

CCXXXVIII.

Tune, *Guardian Angels, &c.*

WHERE'S the mortal can resist me ?
Queens must every honour gain.
Paris surely must assist me,
Juno cannot sue in vain.
Look in my face, my gentle Paris ;
Can such beauties e'er despair ?
Where's such an eye as this ?
Shew me such lips to kiss ;
O, may my Paris hear my pray'r !

The GENTLE SHEPHERD. Allan Ramsay.

CCXXXIX.

Tune, *The Wawking of the Faulds.*

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.

My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.

My

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 It makes me blythe and bauld,
 And nathing gi'es me sic delight,
 As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae softly
 When on my pipe I play;
 By a' the rest, it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.

My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 And in her sangs are tald,
 With innocence, the wale of sense;
 At wawking of the fauld.

CCXL.

Tune. Fy gar rub her o'er with strat.

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness with a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For women in a man delight:
 But them despise who're soon defate,
 And with a simple face give way
 To a repulse; then be not blate,
 Push bauldly on and win the day.
 When maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language of their een;
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer all your love with hate.
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

CCXLI.

Tune, Nanfy's to the Green Wood gane.

I YIELD dear lassie, ye have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying :
For a' that we can do or say
'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us,
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
That by the heart-strings leads us.

CCXLII.

Tune, Cauld Kalt in Aberdeen.

CAULD be the rebels cast,
Oppressors base and bloody,
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung up a' in a woody.
Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high his station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of Conscience, King and Nation,

CCXLIII.

CCXLIII.

Tune, Carle, an the King come.

PEGGY, now the King's come,
Peggy, now the King's come,
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the King's come:
Nae mair the Hawky's shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the King's come.

CCXLIV.

Tune, Winter was cauld and my Cleathing wae thin.

PEGGY.

WHEN first my dear Laddie gade to the Green-
Hill,
And I at ew milking, first feyd my young skill,
To hear the milk-bowie no pain was to me,
When I at the boughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-
bells,
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, brier, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
 And came off the victor, my heart was ay fain;
 Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
 For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden Broom knows,
 And Kofie liltis sweetly the milking the ewes,
 There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing,
 At throw the Wood Laddie, Bess gars our lugs
 ring :

But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
 The Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lafs of the Mill.
 'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasing to me;
 For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can Lassies trow what they desire?
 And praises sae kindly increases love's fire;
 Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
 To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

CCXLV.

PATIE.

BY the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
 And roving eye that smiling tells the truth,
 I guess, my Lassie, that, as well I,
 Ye're made for Love, and why should ye deny,

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

But ken ye, Lad, gif we confes o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne th' wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tynes her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and fowr.

PATIE.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye.
Red-cheeked ye compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a long half-year.

PEGGY.

Then dinna pow me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a':
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farther, till we've got the grace.

PATIE.

O charming armfu', hence, ye cares, away;
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live lang day,
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
'Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

BOTH.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise:
O-lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal-day;
And, if you're weary'd, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

CCXLVI.

Tune, *Leith-Wynd.*

JENNY.

WERE I assur'd you'll constant prove,
You should nae mair complain ;
The easy maid, beset with love,
Few words will quickly gain ;
For I must own now since you're free,
This too-fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah ! let my head
Upon thy breast recline !
The pleasure strikes me near hand dead !
Is Jenny then sae kind ?---
O let me bris thee to my heart !
And round my arms entwine :
Delytful thought, we'll never part !
Come, press thy mouth to mine.

CCXLVII.

Tune, *O'er Bogie.*

WELL, I agree, ye're sure of me ;
Next to my father gae :
Make him content to give consent,
He'll hardly say you nae :

VOL. I.

O

For

For ye have what he wad be at,
 And will commend you weel,
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld
 Where bairns want milk and meal.

Should he deny, I care na by,
 He'd contradict in vain;
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
 But thee I will have nane.
 Then never range, nor learn to change,
 Like those in high degree :
 And if you prove faithful in love,
 You'll find nae fault in me.

 CCXLVIII.

JOCKY said to Jenny : Jenny wilt thou do't?
 Ne'er a fit, quoth Jenny, for my tocher-good;
 For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee,
 E'en's ye like, quoth Jockey, ye may let it be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
 I hae seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh;
 Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee,
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byer,
 A peatstack 'fore the door, we'll mak a rantin fire;
 I'll mak a rantin fire, and merry fall we be,
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let you be,

Jenny said to Jockey, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel;
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free
 Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.

CCXLIX.

CCXLIX.

Tune, *Wae's my heart that we shou'd sunder.*

SPEAK on, speak thus, and still my grief;
 Hold up a heart that sinking under
 These fears that soon will want relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
 A gentler face, and silk attire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alack poor me! will now conspire
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom,
 No more the shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell,
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander;
 Sweet-scented rucks, round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.
 Again, ah! shall I never creep
 Around the Know with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty?

CCL.

Tune, *Tweed-Side.*

WHEN hope was sunk quite in despair,
 My heart it was going to break;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will sav't for thy sake.

Where-e'er my love travels by day,
 Wherever he lodges by night;
 With me his dear image shall stay,
 And my soul keep him ever in fight.
 With patience I'll wait the long year,
 And study the gentlest charms;
 Hope time away till thou appear,
 So lock thee for ay in these arms.
 Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height is becoming thy wife.
 For beauty, that's only skin deep,
 Must fade like the gowans of May,
 But, inwardly rooted will keep
 For ever without a decay.
 Nor age, nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love,
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband have sense to approve.

 CCLI.

Tune, *Bush aboon Traquair.*

AT setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 I'll visit aft the Birken bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To

To all our haunts I will repair,
 By Greenwood-shaw or fountain;
 Or where the summer day I'd share
 With thee upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender;
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours
 A heart which cannot wander.

CCLII.

Tune, Corn-Riggs are bonny.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy;
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy:
 His shape is handsome, middle size,
 He's comely in his wawking.
 The shining of his een surprise;
 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.
 Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There many a kind word he spak
 That set my heart a glowing.
 He kissed and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony,
 That gars me like to sing sincefyne,
 O Corn-Riggs are bonny.

Let Lasses of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding were design'd,
 We chafly should be granting.

Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And syne my cockernonny
He's free to touzel, air or late,
Where Corn-Riggs are bonny.

HAUNTED TOWER. Cobb.

CCLIII.

THO' pity I cannot deny,
Ah ! what will that avail you ?
Alas ! I dare not hope supply ;
For hope too sure wou'd fail you.
Think when the flatterer shall deceive,
In vain you will repent you ;
Yet should you hope without my leave,
'Tis true I can't prevent you.

My hand directed to bestow,
In England here I'm landed ;
And daughters always act, you know,
Just as they are commanded.
Then let not flattering hope deceive,
Or else you will repent you ;
Yet shou'd you hope without my leave,
'Tis true I cant prevent you.

CCLIV.

WHITHER my love! ah! whither are thou
gone!

Let not thy absence cloud this happy dawn.
Say---by thy heart, can falsehood e'er be known?
Ah! no, no, I judge it by my own.
The heart he gave with so much care,
Which treasur'd in my breast I wear;
Still for its master beats alone,
I'm sure the selfish thing's his own.

D U E T.

CCLV.

ADELA. WILL great lords and ladies,
Drest up on gay days,
Come to visit you and I?

EDWARD. All smiling, bowing,
Great friendship vowing,
While we hold our heads so high.

ADELA. But shou'd the fine gentry smoke us,
Lud! how they'll joke us;
How they'll laugh at silly me.

EDWARD. Pshaw, we shall be ever
Reckon'd vastly clever,
While our pocket's full, d'ye see.

ADELA.

ADELA. Then every day,

EDWARD. New joy shall bring ;

ADELA. And ever gay,

EDWARD. We'll dance and sing.

BOTH. Fall lall de rall,
How merry shall we be.

ADELA. Of great fortune vaunting,
Low people taunting,
Dignity we must support.

EDWARD. 'Mong high barons bouncing,
Fine ladies flouncing.
We may chance to go to court.

ADELA. Well, fegs, I care not,
Court, tho' we share not,
If at home we happy be.

EDWARD. Soon I may be bold
To hope that I shall hold
A little baron on my knee.

ADELA. Then every day

EDWARD. New joy shall bring,

ADELA. And ever gay

EDWARD. We'll dance and sing.

BOTH. Fall lall de rall,
How merry we shall be.

CCLVI.

BE mine; tender passion, soother of care,
 Life's choicest blessing, shield from despair;
 Do not deceive me, ah! never leave me,
 Still may my bosom thy power declare.
 In vain thy influence fools may revile,
 Constancy ever gains thy smile.
 And of their destiny can those complain;
 Whose falsehood dares thy laws prophane?
 Resolv'd I brave all danger, to every fear a stran-
 ger;
 Thy sweet rewards, oh, Love to gain.
 Then let me combat not in vain;
 But in my triumph share,
 Thy smiles, for which I bravely dare.

CCLVII.

NOW all in preparation,
 For the nuptial celebration,
 Each maiden on th' occasion,
 Feels her heart in palpitation;
 Now a blush, and now a sigh,
 Trembling too, she knows not why,
 While every lad with expectation,
 Finds his heart beats high.

While

While swords and shields are clashing,
 Archers aiming, cudgels thrashing,
 The ale to none denying,
 Flaggons far and wide supplying.
 With tilters fencing, wrestlers boasting,
 Bonfires blazing, oxen roasting ;
 And all the vassals flock around,
 What pleasures now abound !
 Now all in preparation,
 For the nuptial celebration.

CCLVIII.

LOVE from the heart, all its danger concealing,
 Reason they say, the fond spell can remove ;
 But bliss kindly stealing,
 Still the delusion so sweet may I prove.
 For should you betray me, your falsehood per-
 ceiving,
 Too well do I love you, the peril to shun :
 So if you must cheat me, still further deceiving ;
 Oh ! blinded by hope, to the last leads me on.

CCLIX.

FROM high birth and all its fetters,
 My kind stars my lot remove,
 I shall envy not my betters,
 Give me but the youth I love.

Love's

Love's the riches of the poor,
 A prize that wealth can ne'er procure;
 My rich mistress fain would be
 Just as poor as Ciceley.
 From high birth, &c.

CCLX.

SPIRIT of my fainted fire,
 With success my soul inspire,
 Deeds of glory done by thee
 In Mem'ry's mirror now I see.
 Let the great examples raise
 Valour's purest, brightest blaze,
 Till the prowess of my arm
 The eye of fickle conquest charm,
 And Fame shall, when the battle's won,
 Declare that I am all thy son,

Spirit of my fainted fire,
 With success my soul inspire.
 The inspiration now I feel,
 The ardent glow of patriot zeal,
 Brighter prospects now arise,
 The voice of conquest rends the skies.

CATCH.

C A T C H.

CCLXI.

AS now we're met, a jolly set,
A fig for sack or sherry;
Our ale we'll drink,
And our cans we'll clink,
And we'll be wondrous merry.
Merry, my hearts---merry, my boys,
We'll sing with a hey down derry,
The baron himself knows no such joys,
We are so wondrous merry.

HARLEQUIN'S INVASION. Garrick.

CCLXII.

TO arms! ye brave mortals, to arms!
The road to renown lies before you!
The name of King Shakespeare has charms
To rouse ye to actions of glory.

Away! ye brave mortals, away!
'Tis Nature calls on you to save her;
What man but would Nature obey,
And fight for her Shakespeare for ever?

CCLXIII.

CCLXIII.

OLD women we are,
 And as wise in the chair,
 As fit for the Quorum as men;
 We can scold on the bench,
 Or examine a wench,
 And like them can be wrong now and then.

For look the world thro',
 And you'll find nine in ten,
 Old women can do
 As much as old men.

We can hear a fad case,
 With a no-meaning face,
 And tho' shallow, yet seem to be deep:
 Leave all to the clerk;
 For when matters grow dark,
 Their worships had better go sleep.

CHORUS.---For look the world thro' &c.

When our wisdom is ask'd,
 And hard questions are ask'd,
 We'll answer them best with a snore:
 We can mump a tid bit,
 And can joke without wit.

And what can their worships do more?

CHORUS.---For look the world thro', &c.

CCLXIV.

THRIce happy the nation that Shakespeare has
charm'd!

More happy the bosoms his Genius has warm'd?
Ye children of nature, of fashion, and whim!
He painted you all, all join to praise him.

CHORUS. Come away! come away!

His genius calls---you must obey!

From highest to lowest, from old to the young,
All states and conditions by him have been sung;
All passions and humours were rais'd by his pen;
He could soar with the eagle, and sing with the
wren.

CHORUS Come away, &c.

To praise him, ye Fairies, and Genii repair,
He knew where ye haunted, in earth or in air:
No phantom so subtle could glide from his view,
The wings of his fancy were swifter than you!

CHORUS. Come away! Come away!

His Genius calls---you must obey.

The HIGHLAND REEL. O'Keefe.

CCLXV.

WHEN I've money, I am merry,
When I've none, I'm very sad ;
When I'm sober, I am civil,
When I'm drunk, I'm roaring man.
With my fal lal tiddle tum,
Likewise toodle teedle tum,
Not forgetting tither-ti,
And also folderoodle-um.

When disputing with a puppy,
I convince him with a rap ;
And when romping with a girl,
By accident I---tear a cap.
With my fal lal, &c.

Gadzooks ! I will never marry,
I'm a lad that's bold and free,
Yet I love a pretty girl,
A pretty girl is fond of me.
With my fal lal, &c.

There's a maiden in a corner,
Round and sound, and plump and fat,
She and I drink tea together,
But no matter, fir, for that.
With my fal lal, &c.

If this maiden be with bairn,
As I do suppose she be,
Like good pappy I must learn
To dandle Jacky on my knee.
With my fal lal, &c.

CCLXVI.

OH! had I Allan Ramsay's art
To sing my passions tender;
In ev'ry verse she'd read my heart,
Such soothing strains I'd send her;
Nor his, nor gentle Rizzio's aid,
To shew, is all a folly,
How much I love the charming maid,
Sweet Jane of Grispoly.

She makes me know what all desire
With such bewitching glances,
Her modest air then checks my fire,
And stops my bold advances.
Meek as the lamb, on yonder lawn,
Yet by her conquer'd wholly,
For sometimes sprightly as the fawn,
Sweet Jane of Grispoly.

My

My senses she's bewilder'd quite,
 I seem an amorous ninny,
 A letter to a friend I write,
 For Sandy, I sign Jenny.
 Last Sunday, when from church I came,
 With looks demure and holy,
 I cry'd, when ask'd the text to name,
 'Twas Jane of Grisipoly.

My Jenny is no fortune great,
 And I am poor and lowly,
 A straw for pow'r and grand estate,
 Her person I love solely.
 From ev'ry sordid, selfish view,
 So free my heart is wholly,
 And she is kind as I am true,
 Sweet Jane of Grisipoly.

CCLXVII.

MASTER is a parish Hector,
 Overseer, tax-collector;
 To increase his private store,
 Cheats the King and robs the poor;
 Executor of old folks' wills,
 With orphans' right his bags he fills;
 And I'll have all, or if not so,
 Ah, ha! Oh, oh!
 I'll have his daughter, that I know:

Happy dog,
O'er sea and bog,
Smuggle Mog,

Jog,
Dog,
Jig it happy,
Mog,

Kiss a paw to pappy.

Master is a very wise man,
Bailiff, smuggler, and exciseman,
Cudgel to a poor man's back,
To the rich a supple jack,
Puts cash and beggars in the stocks,
And he's at home when old Nick knocks.

But I'll have all, &c.

In a ship we skim like swallows,
In his wherry master follows;
At the oar he'll toil and tug,
Whilst we sit in cabin snug;
As he swears out, oh how we laugh!
And kiss and toy, and toddy quaff.

For I'll have all, &c.

CCLXVIII.

BOYS when I play, cry, oh crimini!
Shelty's chaunter, squeakerimini!
In love's tunes I'm so emphatical,
Fingers shaking, quiveratical.

With agility,
Grace, gentility,

Girls

Girls shake heel and toe ;

Pipes I tickle so :

My jigs fill a pate,

Tittilate

Pretty mate,

My hops love mirth, young blood circulate.

Oh my chaunters found so prettily,

Sweeter far than pipes from Italy ;

Crofs the Tweed I'll bring my tweedledum,

Striking foreign flute and fiddle dumb !

Modern Rizzi's so

Pleases ma'ams, misses, tho'

Peers can marry strum,

Act plays very rum,

I'll puff at square Hanover,

Can over

Man over,

All the puny pipes from Italy.

Toodle, &c.

I'm in talk, a pedant, musical,

In fine terms I lug intrusical,

Slap bravuras, alt, the rage about,

Haydn, Mara, opera, stage about ;

Oratorios,

Cramers, Florios :

Things at Jubilee,

Neither he or she,

Die at Syren's note,

Tiny throat,

Petticoat,

This is amateur high musical.

CCLXIX.

DEAREST youth, this heart will break,
 If cruel soldiers take thee far;
 Why peaceful home and me forsake,
 To court the dangers of the war?
 But all is home, where thou'lt resort,
 My Sandy's smiles such comfort bring;
 The humble village is a court,
 Grac'd by the presence of a king.

My filken gown, my cotton hose,
 My cap of lace, I leave behind;
 My hands and face I must expose,
 To scorching sun, to rain and wind:
 With him, I'll meet the blast so keen,
 And smile whilst on the billows tost;
 The heart where love is warm within,
 Enjoys a May in winter's frost.

CCLXX.

OLD England! great in arts and arms,
 For manly worth and female charms
 Renown'd has ever been;
 And now the care of bounteous heaven,
 Has to happy Albion given
 A gracious King and Queen;

In their royal progeny, our blooming prospects
 smile.

The fair possess'd of every grace,
 And in the generous sons we trace
 The guardians of our isle.

On Cressy's plains an Edward fought,
 A captive king to London brought;

'Twas there his glories shone:

Tho' terrible in battle, he
 Could shew by godlike clemency,

He grac'd the wreath he won.

Whene'er ambition tempts the war, we're ready
 for the field,

To find a Cressy still in France,
 A royal Frederick wields the lance,
 And holds Britannia's shield.

Let Fame record Eliza's days,
 Her trumpet tune to songs of praise,

The grand Armada see:

The Invincible she overcame,
 And Spanish pride was turn'd to shame,
 By Britons great and free.

Old Neptune, thus exulting, to Royal William
 spoke:

If woman once could guard my realm,
 What triumph now, when at my helm

I place a heart of oak!

My royal heart of oak!

CCLXXI.

THO' I am now a very little lad,
 If fighting men are not to be had,
 For want of a better I may do,
 To follow the boys with a rat-tat-too;
 I may seem tender, yet I'm tough,
 And tho' not much of me, I'm right good stuff:
 Of this I'll boast, say more who can,

I never was afraid to see my man.

I'm a chick-a-biddy, fee,

Take me now, now, now,

A merry little he

For your row-dow-dow !

Brown Bess I'll knock about, oh! there's my joy
 With my knapsack at back, like a roving boy.

In my tartan plad, a young soldier view,

My fillèbeg and dirk, and bonnet blue;

Give me the word, and I'll march where you com-
 mand,

Noble serjeant, with a shilling then strike my
 hand.

My captain when he takes his glas,

May like to toy with a pretty lass,

For such a one I have a roguish eye,

He'll never want a girl when I am by.

I'm a chick-a-biddy, fee, &c.

Tho'

Tho' a barber has never yet mow'd my chin,
 With my great broad-sword I long to begin,
 Cut, flash, ram-dam, oh glorious fun !
 For a gun, pip-pop, change my little pop-gun.
 The foes shall fly like geese in flocks,
 E'en Turks I'd drive like turkey-cocks,
 Wherever quarter'd I shall be ;
 Oh, zounds ! how I'll kiss my landlady !
 I'm a chick-a-biddy, fee,
 Take me, now, now, now,
 A merry little he
 For your row-dow-dow !
 Brown Bess I'll knock about, oh ! there's my joy
 With my knapsack at back, like a roving boy.

The HEIRESS. Burgoyne.

CCLXXII.

FOR tenderness framed in life's earliest day
 A parent's soft sorrows to mine led the way ;
 The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,
 And e'er words were my own, I spoke in a sigh.
 The nightingale plunder'd, the mate-widow'd
 dove,
 The warbled complaint of the suffering grove,
 To youth as it ripened gave sentiment new,
 The object still changing, the sympathy true.

Soft

Soft embers of passion, yet rest in the glow---
A warmth of more pain may this breast never
know!

Or if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
Let the spark drop from reason that wakens the
flame.

INKLE and YARICO. Colman, Jun.

CCLXXIII.

Tune, *Last Valentine's Day.*

A VOYAGE over seas had not enter'd my
head,

Had I known but on which side to butter my
bread.

Heigho! sure I---for hunger must die!

I've sail'd like a booby; come here in a squall,

Where, alas! there's no bread to be butter'd at
all!

Oho! I'm a terrible booby!

Oh, what a sad booby am I!

In London, what gay chop-house signs in the
street!

But the only sign here is of nothing to eat.

Heigho! that I---for hunger shou'd die!

My mutton's all lost, I'm a poor starving elf,
And for all the world like a lost mutton myself;

Oho! I shall die a lost mutton!

Oh what a lost mutton am I!

For a neat slice of beef, I cou'd roar like a bull;
And my stomach's so empty, my heart is quite
full.

Heigho! that I---for hunger should die!

But, grave without meat, I must here meet my
grave,

For my bacon, I fancy, I never shall save;

Oho! I shall ne'er save my bacon!

I can't save my bacon, not I!

D U E T.

CCLXXIV.

Tune, O say, Bonny Lads.

INKLE

O SAY, simple maid, have you form'd any no-
tion

Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean?

When winds whistle shrilly, ah! won't they re-
mind you,

To sigh with regret for the grot left behind you?

VOL I.

Q

YARICO,

YARICO.

Ah! no, I cou'd follow, and sail the world
over,
Nor think of my grot, when I look at my lover!
The winds which blow round us, your arms for
my pillow,
Will lull us to sleep, whilst we're rock'd by each
billow.

INKLE.

Then say, lovely lass, what if haply espying
A rich gallant vessel with gay colours flying?

YARICO.

I'll journey, with thee, love, to where the land
narrows,
And fling all my cares at my back with my ar-
rows.

BOTH.

O say then, my true love, we never will sunder,
Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the big
thunder :

While constant, we'll laugh at all changes of wea-
ther,

And journey all over the world both together.

CCLXXV.

Tune, One day, I heard Mary say.

WHITE man, never go away ;

Tell me why need you ?

Stay with your Wowlki, stay?

Wowlki will feed you.

Cold

Cold moons are now coming in ;

Ah don't go grieve me !

I'll wrap you in leopard's skin ;

White man, don't leave me.

And when all the sky is blue,

Sun makes warm weather,

I'll catch you a Cockatoo,

Dress you in feather.

When cold comes, or when 'tis hot,

Ah don't go grieve me !

Poor Wowiki will be forgot---

White man, don't leave me !

CCLXXVI.

FRESH now the breeze is blowing ;

As yon ship at an anchor rides,

Sullen, waves, incessant flowing,

Rudely dash against the sides :

So my heart, its course impeded,

Beats in my preturbed breast ;

Doubts, like waves by waves succeeded,

Rise, and still deny it rest.

CCLXXVII.

Tune, Since 'tis vain to think of flying,

MARS wou'd oft, his conquests over,

To the Cyprian Goddess yield ;

Venus gloried in a lover,

Who, like him, cou'd brave the field.

Mars wou'd oft, &c.

In the cause of battles hearty,
Still the God wou'd strive to prove,
He who fac'd an adverse party,
Fittest was to meet his love.

Mars wou'd oft, &c,

Hear then, Captains, ye who blust
Hear the God of War declare,
Cowards never can pass muster,
Courage only wins the fair.

Mars wou'd oft, &c.

CCLXXVIII.

WHY shou'd I vain fears discover,
Prove, a dying, fighting swain?
Why turn shilly-shally lover,
Only to prolong my pain?

When we woo the dear enslaver,
Boldly ask and she will grant;
How should we obtain a favour,
But by telling what we want?

Should the nymph be found complying,
Nearly then the battle's won;
Parents think 'tis vain denying,
When half our work is nearly done.

CCLXXIX.

REMEMBER when we walk'd alone,
And heard so gruff the lion growl,
And when the moon so bright it shone,
We saw the wolf look up and howl;

I led

I led you well, safe to our cell,
 While tremblingly
 You said to me,
 ---And kiss'd so sweet---dear Wowski tell,
 How cou'd I live without ye?

But now you come across the sea,
 And tell me here no monsters roar;
 You'll walk alone, and leave poor me,
 When wolves to fright you howl no more.
 But, ah, think well on our old cell,
 Where tremblingly
 You kiss'd poor me,
 Perhaps you'll say---dear Wowski tell,
 How can I live without ye?

CCLXXX.

OUR grotto was the sweetest place!
 The bending bows, with fragrance blowing,
 Wou'd check the brook's impetuous pace,
 Which murmur'd to be stopt from flowing.
 'Twas there we met, and gaz'd our fill;
 Ah! think on this, and love me still.
 'Twas then my bosom first knew fear,
 Fear to an Indian maid a stranger;
 The war song, arrows, hatchet, spear,
 All warn'd me of my lover's danger.
 For him did cares my bosom fill;
 Ah! think on this, and love me still.

For him by day with care conceal'd,
 To bring him food I climb'd the mountain;
 And when the night no form reveal'd,
 Jocund we sought the bubbling fountain.
 Then, then wou'd joy my bosom fill,
 Ah! think on this, and love me still."

CCLXXXI.

A CLERK I was in London gay.
 Jemmy linkum feedle,
 And went in boots to see the play,
 Merry fiddlem tweedle.
 I march'd the lobby, twirl'd my stick,
 Diddle, daddle, deedle;
 The girls all cry'd, " smoke his tail!"
 Oh Jemmy linkum feedle.

Hey! for America I sail,
 Yankee doodle deedle;
 The sailor boys cry'd, " He's quite the kick!"
 Jemmy linkum feedle.
 On English belles I turn'd my back,
 Diddle, daddle, deedle;
 And got a foreign fair, quite black,
 Oh twaddle, twaddle tweedle!

Your London Girls, with roguish trip,
 Wheedle, wheedle, wheedle,
 Boast their pouting under-lip,
 Fiddle, faddle, feedle.

My vows would beat a hundred such,
 Diddle, daddle, deedle,
 Whose upper lip pouts twice as much,
 O pretty double wheedle !

Rings I'll buy to deck her toes,
 Jemmy linkum feedle ;
 A feather fine shall grace her nose,
 Waving fiddle feedle.
 With jealousy I ne'er shall burst,
 Who'd steal my bone of bone-a ?
 A while Othello, I can trust
 A dingy Desdemona.

CCLXXXII.

COME let us dance and sing,
 While all Barbadoes bells shall ring :
 Love scrapes the fiddle-string,
 And Venus plays the lute ;
 Hymen gay, foots away,
 Happy at our wedding day,
 Cocks his chin, and figures in,
 To tabor, fife, and flute:
 Come let us dance, &c.

Since thus each anxious care
 Is vanish'd into empty air,
 Ah! how can I forbear
 To join the jocund dance ?
 To and fro, couples and go,
 On the light fantastic toe,
 While with glee, merrily,
 The rosy hours advance.

Come let us dance, &c.

When

When first the swelling sea
 Hither bore my love and me,
 What then my fate would be,

Little did I think---

Tho' taught to know
 Care and woe,
 Happy still is Yarico:
 Since her love
 Will constant prove,

And nobly scorns to shrink.

Come let us dance, &c.

'Sbobs now I'm fix'd for life,
 My fortune's fair, tho' black's my wife,
 Who fears domestic strife---

Who cares now a soufe!

Merry cheer my dinky dear
 Shall find with her Factotum here;
 Night and day, I'll frisk and play
 About the house, with Wows.

Come let us dance, &c.

Let Patty say a word,
 A chambermaid may sure be heard,
 Sure men are grown absurd,

Thus taking black for white!

To hug and kiss a dinky miss,
 Will hardly suit an age like this---
 Unless here some friends appear,

Who like this wedding night.

Come let us dance. &c.

The IRISH WIDOW. Garrick.

CCLXXXIII.

A WIDOW bewitch'd with her passion,
Tho' Irish, is now quite ashamed,
To think that she's so out of fashion,
To marry and then to be tamed.
'Tis Love the dear joy,
That old-fashion'd boy,
Has got in my breast with his quiver;
The blind urchin he
Struck the cushlamachree,
And a husband secures me for ever.
Ye fair-ones, I hope, will excuse me,
Though vulgar, pray do not abuse me;
I cannot become a fine lady,
O love has bewitch'd Widow Brady!
Ye critics, to murder so willing,
Pray see all our errors with blindness;
For once change your method of killing,
And kill a fond Widow with kindness.
If you look so severe,
In a fit of despair,

Again

Again I shall draw forth my steel, Sirs;
You know I've the art

To be twice through your heart,

Before I can make you to feel, Sirs.

Brother soldiers, I hope you'll protect me,
Nor let cruel critics dissect me;

To favour my cause be but ready,
And grateful you'll find Widow Brady.

Ye leaders of dress and of fashion,

Who gallop post haste to your ruin,

Whose taste has destroy'd all your passion,

Pray what do you think of my wooing?

You'll call it damn'd low,

Your head and arms so,

So listless, so loose, and so lazy,

But what, pray, can you,

That I cannot do?

O fie! my dear creatures, be easy.

Ye patriots and courtiers so hearty,

To speech it, and vote for your party,

For once be both constant and steady,

And grateful you'll find Widow Brady.

To all that I see here before me,

The bottom, the top, and the middle,

For music I now must implore ye,

No wedding without pipe and fiddle.

If all are in tune,

Pray let it be soon,

My heart in my bosom is prancing:

If your hands should unite

To give us delight,

Oh! that's the best piping and dancing.

Your

Your plaudits to me are a treasure,
Your smiles are a dow'r for a Lady ;
Oh ! joy to you all in full measure !
So wishes and prays Widow Brady.

The JUBILEE. Garrick.

CCLXXXIV.

LET Beauty with the sun arise,
To Shakespeare tribute pay,
With heavenly smiles and speaking eyes,
Give lustre to the day.

Each smile she give protects his name,
What face shall dare to frown ?
Not envy's self can blast the fame,
Which Beauty deigns to crown.

CCLXXXV.

YE Warwickshire lads and ye lasses;
See what at our Jubilee passes,
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
For the lad of all lads, was a Warwickshire lad,
Warwickshire lad,

All be glad,
For the lad of all lads, was a Warwickshire lad.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
Where nature has lavish'd her bounty,
Where much she has giv'n, and some to be spar'd
For the bard of all bards, was a Warwickshire bard,
Warwickshire bard,

Never pair'd,
For the bard of all bards, was a Warwickshire bard.

Each shire has its different pleasures,
Each shire has its different treasures,
But to rare Warwickshire, all must submit,
For a wit of all wit's, was a Warwickshire wit,
Warwickshire wit,

How he writ!
For the wit of all wits, was a Warwickshire wit.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
And half a score more we take pride in,
Of famous Will Congreve, we boast too the skill,
But the Will of all Wills, was a Warwickshire Will.

Warwickshire Will,
Matchless still,
For the Will of all Wills, was a Warwickshire Will.

Our

Our Shakespeare compar'd is to no man,
 Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman,
 Their swans are all geese, to the Avon's sweet swan,
 And the man of all men, was a Warwickshire man,
 Warwickshire man,

 Avon's swan,
 And the man of all men, was a Warwickshire man.

As ven'son is very inviting,
 To steal it our bard took delight in
 To make his friends merry he never was lag,
 And the wag of all wags, was a Warwickshire wag,
 Warwickshire wag,

 Ever brag,
 For the wag of all wags, was a Warwickshire wag,

There never was seen such a creature,
 Of all she was worth, he robb'd nature;
 He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief,
 And the thief of all thieves, was Warwickshire thief,
 Warwickshire thief,
 He's the chief,
 For the thief of all thieves, was a Warwickshire thief.

CCLXXXVI.

THE pride of all nature was sweet Willy O,
 The pride of all nature, &c.

 The first of all swains,
 He gladdened the plains,
 None ever was like to sweet Willy O.

He sung it so rarely the sweet Willy O,
 He melted each maid,
 So skilful he played,
 No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O,
 All nature obeyed him, this sweet Willy O,
 Wherever he came,
 Whatever had a name,
 Whenever he sung followed sweet Willy O.
 He wou'd be a soldier, this sweet Willy O,
 When armed in the field,
 With sword and with shield,
 The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.
 He charm'd 'em when living, the sweet Willy O,
 And when Willy dy'd,
 'Twas Nature that sigh'd,
 To part with her all in the sweet Willy O.

CCLXXXVII.

BEHOLD this fair gobblet, 'twas carv'd from
 the tree,
 Which, O my sweet Shakespeare was planted by
 thee,
 As a relick I kiss'd it, and bow at the shrine,
 What comes from thy hand must be ever divine,
 All shall yield to the Mulberry tree,
 Bend to thee,
 Blest Mulberry,
 Matchless was he,
 Who planted thee,
 And thou like him immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round their branches, whose heads
sweep the sky,

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices so dear,

All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast,
But of fir we make ships, we have thousands that
fight,

While one, only one, like our Shakespeare can
write

All shall yield to to the Mulberry tree, &c.

Let Venus delight in gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flowers,
The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flowers, and fairest of fruit,
All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd
birch,

Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church,
But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
And he gives the best physick for body and mind
All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

The fame of the Patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories resign,
Our tree shall surpass both the laurel and vine,
All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

The genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright day,
 More rapture than wine to the heart can convey,
 So the tree that he planted, by making his own,
 Has laurel, and bays, and the vine all in one,
 All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

Then each take a relick of this hallowed tree,
 From folly and fashion a charm let it be,
 Fill, fill, to the planter, the cup to the brim,
 To honour the country, do honour to him,
 All shall yield to the Mulberry tree,
 Bend to thee,
 Blest Mulberry,
 Matchless was he,
 Who planted thee,
 And thou like him immortal shall be.

CCLXXXVIII.

THIS is the day, a holiday! a holiday!
 Drive spleen and rancour far away,
 This is a day, a holiday! a holiday!
 Drive care and sorrow far away.

Here nature nurs'd her darling boy,
 From whom all care and sorrow fly,
 Whose harp the muses strung:
 From heart to heart let joy rebound,
 Now, now, we tread enchanted ground,
 Here Shakespeare walk'd and sung!

The JOVIAL CREW.

CCLXXXIX.

Tune, *Three merry Men of Kent.*

AND he that will not merry, merry be,
With a pretty girl in a bed,
I wish he was laid in our church-yard,
With a tomb-stone over his head.
He, if he could, to be merry, merry there,
We, to be merry, merry here,
For who does know, where we shall go
To be merry another year,
Brave boys! to be merry another year.

CCXC.

Tune, *There lives a Lass upon the Green.*

AT Night by Moon-light on the plain,
With rapture, how I've seen,
Attended by her harmless train,
The little Fairy Queen:
Her midnight revels sweetly keep,
While mortals are involved in sleep;
They tript it o'er the green.

And where they danc'd their cheerful round,
 The morning would disclose,
 For where their nimble feet do bound,
 Each flow'r unbidden grows:
 The daisy (fair as maids in May),
 The Cowslip, in his gold array,
 And blushing violet 'rose.

CCXCI.

Tune, Jolly Roger Twangdillo.

THE mind of a Woman can never be known,
 You never can guess it aright:
 I'll tell you the reason---she knows not her own,
 It changes so often 'ere night.
 'Twould puzzle Apollo,
 Her whimsies to follow,
 His oracle wou'd be a jest;
 She'll frown when she's kind,
 Then quickly you'll find,
 She'll change with the Wind,
 And often abuses
 The Man that she chuses,
 And what she refuses,
 Like's best.

CCXCII.

Tune, *There was a pretty Lass, and a Tenant.*

COME hither pretty maid, with a black rolling
eye,

What a look was there! does all my senses charm.

Come hither, pretty dear, for I swear I long to
try

A little, little love, which will do thee child, no
harm,

That air, that grace,

That lovely milk white skin!

Oh! which shall I embrace?

Oh! where shall I begin?

For if I stay

I both of them must woo;

I had better run away,

Than deal at once with two.

CCXCIII.

I made love to Kate, long I sigh'd for she,

'Till I heard of late she had a mind to me,

I met her on the green in her best array,

So pretty she did seem, she stole my heart away;

O then we kiss'd and press'd were we much to blame,

Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
same.

As I fonder grew she began to prate,
 Quoth she, I'll marry you, if you will marry Kate;
 But then I laugh'd and swore, I lov'd her more
 than so,

For tied each to a rope's end 'tis tugging too
 and fro:

Again we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to blame,
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
 same.

Then she sigh'd and said, she was wond'rous sick,
 Dicky Katy led, Katy she led Dick,
 Long we toy'd and play'd under yonder oak,
 Katy lost the game, though she play'd in joke!
 For there we did alas! what I dare not name,
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
 same.

CCXCIV.

Tune, There was a bonny Blade.

THE greatest skill in life,
 For avoiding noise and strife,
 Is to know when a man shou'd be dumb, dumb,
 dumb.

When a knave to gain his end,
 Sifts you to betray your friend,
 Let your answer be only, mum, mum, mum.

Wou'd

Wou'd you try to persuade
A pretty, pretty maid,
As ripe as a peach, or a plumb, plumb, plumb?
You've nothing more to do,
But to swear you will be true,
And then you may kifs but----mum, mum, mum.

CCXCV.

Tune, *There was an old Woman.*

HEARTY.

THERE was a maid, and she went to the mill,
Sing trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo,
The mill turn'd round, but the maid stood still.

CLACK.

Oh ho, did she so? did she so? did she so?

HEARTY.

The Miller he kifs'd her, away she went;
Sing trolly, &c.
The maid was well pleas'd, and the miller content.

CLACK.

Oh ho! was he so, &c.

HEARTY.

He danc'd and he sung while the mill went clack,
Sing trolly, &c.
And he cherish'd his heart with a cup of old sack.

CLACK.

Oh ho, did he so, &c.

The ISLAND of ST. MARGUERITTE. St. John.

CCXCVI.

THERE stood poor Jonas at the window,
All in tears---crying---fighing---oh,
Says I, who's that below?
What do you want, good fisherman?
Dear Mrs. Nannette, indeed it is no sin,
Open the window, love, and let poor Jonas in.

No, master Jonas---no---

No, master Jonas---no---

No fisherman.

Well, quoth Jonas, then I vow,
Marching off in a huff, with a pouting oh,
Then 'tis time to make my bow---

The sooner the better, good fisherman.

Yet, Mrs. Nannette, one word ere you leave me;
Won't you stop---well, to-morrow, I hope, you'll
receive me!

No, master Jonas---no---

No, master Jonas---no---

No fisherman.

CCXCVII.

FROM dreary dreams, I wake to woe,
And all around,

Where'er I turn my anguish'd ear,
Where'er mine anguish'd eye-balls roll,
In their varied shapes of fear,
The vision'd horrors haunt my soul.

But ah, methought across the gloom,
A lovely ray
Of light angelic seem'd to play ;
'Twas Carline's form that bless'd my sight,
And bade a cheering beam of hope,
A cheering beam of hope my darting breast illumine.

Oh, wretched, wretched doom !
Is this my regal chair ?
This dungeon all the wide domain,
O'er which I hop'd one day to reign ?
Yet hope, sweet hope, the wretch's friend,
Delights to cheer the prison gloom,
And here, e'en here, forbids despair.

CCXCVIII.

OH dear, oh dear, no hopes for Jonas,
Alas ! thou sigh'st in vain, poor Jonas,
Nannette's hard heart doth Jonas hate ;
Ah, thank thyself for thy fate,
Ah, curse on thy logger pate :

Was

Was ever such a wretched dangler,
 Thou need'st the patience of an angler ;
 With rod and line, to wait, and wait,
 Ah, Nannette never will be thy mate,
 No, she's too cunning to bite at thy bait.
 Ah, Jonas, Jonas, she laughs at thee
 'Cause Jonas can't say his A, B, C.

I've learn'd to spear or tickle a trout,
 But, alas! in love, I'm but a lout ;
 An oyster cross'd in love may be,
 Ah, 'tis all in vain I see,
 Ah, Nannette is not for me.
 Cou'd I but catch her in my net,
 I'd teach the haughty Miss Nannette,
 No more to call me, thou booby,
 Ah, Jonas, Jonas, she laughs at thee,
 'Cause Jonas can't say his A, B, C.

LOVE IN A VILLAGE. *Bickerstaff.*

CCXCIX.

Tune, *Let ambition, &c.*

ROSETTA.

HOPE, thou nurse of young desire,
 Fairy promiser of joy ;
 Painted vapor, glow-worm fire,
 Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy.

LUCINDA.

LUCINDA.

Hope ! thou earnest of delight,
 Softest soother of the mind ;
 Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
 Surest friend the wretched find.

BOTH.

Kind deceiver, flatter still,
 Deal out pleasures unpossess ;
 With thy dreams my fancy fill
 And in wishes make me blest.

 CCC.
Tune, *Kitty beautiful*, &c.

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
 And so shall be my voice ;
 No mortal man shall wed with me,
 'Till first he's made my choice.
 Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,
 And children still obey ;
 And is there then no saving clause,
 Against tyrannic sway ?

 CCCI.

OH ! had I been by fate decreed
 Some humble cottage swain ;
 In fair Rosetta's sight to feed,
 My sheep upon the plain,

What bliss had I been born to taste,
Which now I ne'er must know :
Ye envious pow'rs ! why have you plac'd
My fair one's lot so low ?

CCCII.

GENTLE youth, ah, tell me why
Still ye force me thus to fly ;
Cease, oh ! cease to persevere,
Speak not what I must not hear,
To my heart its ease restore,
Go, and never see me more.

CCCIII.

STILL in hope to get the better
Of my stubborn flame I try !
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.
Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave ;
Boast my freedom, fly to meet her,
And confess myself a slave.

CCCIV.

Tune, A friar went a hunting.

THERE was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the river Dee ;
He work'd and sung, from morn 'till night,
No lark more blyth than he.

And

And this the burthen of his song
 For ever us'd to be ;
 I care for nobody, no not I,
 If no one cares for me.

 CCCV.

Tune, From the east breaks the morn

LET gay ones and great,
 Make the most of their fate,
 From pleasure to pleasure they run :
 Well, who cares a jot,
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light ;
 The blisses I find,
 No stings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

 CCCVI.

WELL, well, say no more,
 Sure you told me before ;
 I know the full length of my teather ;
 Do you think I'm a fool,
 That I need go to school ?
 I can spell you and put you together.

A word to the wise,
 Will always suffice,
 Adniggers go talk to your parrot;
 I'm not such an elf,
 Tho' I say it myself,
 But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.

CCCVII.

Tune, *Dearest creature of all nature.*

CUPID god of soft persuasion,
 Take the helpless lover's part;
 Seize, oh seize, some kind occasion,
 To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,
 Who the body would enthrall;
 Tyrants of more cruel kind,
 Those who would enslave the mind.

What is grandeur? foe to rest;
 Childish mummary at best;
 Happy I in humble state,
 Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.

CCCVIII.

Tune, *O the broom &c.*

HOW happy were my days till now,
 I ne'er did sorrow feel;
 I rose with joy to milk my cow,
 Or take my spinning wheel.

My

My heart was lighter than a fly,
 Like any bird I sung,
 Till he pretended love, and I
 Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

Oh the fool, the filly, filly fool,
 Who trusts what man may be!
 I wish I was a maid again,
 And in my own country.

CCCIX.

WHEN I follow'd a lass that was forward and
 shy,

Oh! I stuck to her stuff till I made her comply;

Oh! I took her so lovingly round the waist,

And I smack'd her lips and I held her fast:

When hugg'd and haul'd,

She squeal'd and squall'd;

But tho' she vow'd all I did was in vain,

Yet I pleas'd her so well, that she bore it again:

Then hoity toity,

Whisking, frikking,

Green was her gown upon the grass:

Oh! such were the joys of our dancing days.

CCCX.

HOW bless'd the maid, whose bosom

No head-strong passion knows:

Her days in joy she passes,

Her nights in calm repose.

Where e'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no fear invades her,
But pleasure,
Without measure,
From ev'ry object flows.

CCCXI.

IN vain I every art assay,
To pluck the venom'd shaft away,
That wrankles in my heart ;
Deep in the centre fix'd and bound,
My efforts but enlarge the wound,
And fiercer make the smart.

CCCXII.

O ! HOW I shall I language weak,
My ardent passion tell !
Or form my falt'ring tongue to speak,
That cruel word, farewell !

Farewell---but know tho' thus we part,
My thoughts can never stray :
Go where I will, my constant heart,
Must with my charmer stay.

CCCXIII.

YOUNG I am and fore afraid :
Wou'd you hurt a harmless maid ?
Lead an innocent astray ?
Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.

Men too often we believe ;
And should you my faith deceive,
Ruin first and then forsake ;
Sure my tender heart would break,

CCCXIV.

OONS ! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like
this !

What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss ?
The greatest and gravest---a truce with grimace :
Would do the same thing, where they in the same
place.

No age, no profession, no station is free ;
To sovereign beauty mankind bend the knee ;
That power, resistless, no strength can oppose :
We all love a pretty girl under the rose.

CCCXV.

MY Dolly was the fairest thing,
Her breath disclos'd the sweets of spring ;
And if for summer you wou'd seek,
'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek.

Her

Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,
 Of fruitful autumn was the type :
 But, when my tender tale I told,
 I found her heart was winter cold.

 CCCXVI.

WAS ever poor fellow so plagu'd with a vixin?
 Zawns! Madge, don't provoke me, but mind
 what I say;
 Youv'e chose a wrong person for playing your
 tricks on.
 So pack up your alls and be trudging away :
 You'd better be quiet,
 And not breed a riot;
 S'bloed must I stand prating with you here all
 day ?
 I've got other matters to mind;
 Mayhap you may think me an ass;
 But to the contrary you'll find :
 A fine piece of work by the mass!

 CCCXVII.

CEASE, gay seducers, pride to take,
 In triumphs o'er the fair;
 Since clowns as well can act the rake,
 As those in higher sphere.

Where then, to shun a shameful fate,
Shall hapless beauty go ;
In ev'ry rank, in ev'ry state.
Poor woman finds a foe !

CCCXVIII.

SINCE Hodge proves ungrateful, no farther
I'll seek,
But go up to town in the waggon next week ;
A service in London is no such disgrace,
And register's office will get me a place :
Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with
friend,
Folks say in her silks she's now standing an end ;
Then why should not I the same maxim pursue
And better my fortune as other girls do.

CCCXIX.

IN love should there meet a fond pair,
Untutor'd by fashion or art ;
Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
Whose words are th' excess of the heart :
If aught of substantial delight,
On this side the stars can be found,
'Tis sure when that couple unite,
And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

WELL, come, let us hear what the swain
must possess.

Who may hope at your feet to implore with suc-
cess?

LUCIN. He must be first of all,

ROSS. Straight, comely, and tall:

LUCIN. Neither awkward,

ROSS. Nor foolish;

LUCIN. Nor apish,

ROSS. Nor mulish:

LUCIN.

ROSS. { Nor yet shou'd his fortune be small.

HAWTH. What think'st of a captain?

LUCIN. All bluster and wounds!

HAWTH. What think'st of 'squire?

ROSS. To be left for his hounds.

LUCIN. { The youth that is form'd to my mind,
Must be gentle, obliging and kind:
Of all things in nature love me,

ROSS. { Have sense both to speak and see,
Yet sometimes be silent and blind.

HAWTH. 'Fore George a most rare matrimo-
nial receipt.

ROSS. Observe it ye fair, in the choice of a
mate;

LUCIN. Remember 'tis wedlock determines
your fate.

CCCXXI.

THE world is a well furnished table,
 Where guests are promisc'ously set,
 We all fare as well as we're able,
 And scramble for what we can get.
 My simile holds to a tittle,
 Some gorge while some scarce have a taste;
 But if I am content with a little,
 Enough is as good as a feast.

CCCXXII.

THE traveller benighted,
 And led thro' weary ways;
 The lamp of day new lighted,
 With joy the dawn surveys.
 The rising prospects viewing,
 Each look is forward cast;
 He smiles, his course pursuing,
 Nor thinks of what is past.

CCCXXIII.

A PLAGUE of those wenches, they make
 such a pother.
 When once they have let'n a man have his will;
 They're always a whining for something or other
 And

And cry he's unkind in his carriage:
 What tho'f he speaks them ne'er so fairly,
 Still they keep teasing, teasing on:
 You cannot persuade 'em.
 Till promise you've made 'em;
 And after they've got it,
 They tell you---add rot!
 Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, un-
 done:
 And then, to be sure. Sir,
 There is but one cure, Sir.
 And all their discourse is of marriage.

CCCXXIV.

HOW much superior beauty awes,
 The coldest bosoms find:
 But with resistless force it draws,
 To sense and sweetness join'd.
 The casket, where, to outward show,
 The workman's art is seen,
 Is doubly valu'd when we know
 It holds a gem within.

CCCXXV.

Tune, When Orpheus went down,
IF ever I'm catch'd in those regions of smoke.
 That seat of confusion and noise,
 May I ne'er know the sweets of a slumber un-
 broke,
 Nor the pleasure the country enjoys.

Nay

Nay, more, let t'hem take me, to punish my sin,
 Where gaping the Cockney's they fleece;
 Clap me up with their monsters, cry, masters
 walk in,
 And shew me for two-pence a piece.

 CCCXXVI.

GO, naughty man I can't abide you:
 Are then your vows so soon forgot?
 Ah! now I see if I had try'd you;
 What would have been my hopeful lot.
 But here I charge you---Make them happy!
 Bless the fond pair, and crown their bliss:
 Come be a dear and good-natur'd pappy;
 And I'll reward you with a kiss.

 CCCXXVII.

HENCE with cares, complaints and frown-
 ing,
 Welcome jolity and joy;
 Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,
 Mirth this happy night employ;
 Let's to friendship do our duty,
 Laugh and sing some good old strain;
 Drink a health to love and beauty,
 May they long in triumph reign.

LOVE in a CAMP,---O'Keeffe.

CCCXXVIII.

DANS votre lit that bright parterre,
Should Flora bloom a lily fair,
A smiling jonquil I cou'd be
To blow sweet flow'r beside of thee,

Dans votre lit.

Or nodding on the thorny bush,
You droop to hide the rose's blush;
The leafy umbrage make of me,
And in this breast you'll shelter'd be.

Dans votre lit.

When ev'ry flow'r that paints the ground
Throws smiles and odours all around,
Sweet flow'r I'll prove thy faithful bee,
And honey sip from none but thee.

Dans votre lit,

CCCXXIX.

I'LL sing you a song; faith I'm singing it now
here

I don't mean t'front either small or big bow wow
here,

The

The subject I have chosen, it is the canine race,
To prove like us, two legg'd dogs, they're a ve-
ry fine race.

Bow, wow, wow,---Fal, la, &c.

Like you and I, other dogs may be counted sad
dogs;

As we won't drink water, some might think us
mad dogs :

A Courtier is a spaniel, a citizen's a dull dog,

A Soldier is a mastiff, a Sailor's a bull-dog.

Bow, wow, wow,---Fal, la, la.

When silly dogs for property, uncle, son, and
brother,

Grin and snarl mighty gruff, and worry one
another :

Shou'd they a bit of equity from Justice beg the
loan of,

That cunning dog the lawyer, Snap, carries quick
the bone off.

Bow, wow, wow,---Fal, la, la.

An old maid comes from church, to the poor no
lady kinder ?

A lust dog her footman, with prayer-book, be-
her :

A poor boy asks a farthing, and gets plenty of
good kicking,

But little Shock, her lap-dog, must have a roasted
chicken.

Bow, wow, wow,---Fal, la, la,

A Poet's a lank greyhound, for the public he
runs game down,
A Critic is a cur that strives to run his fame
down;
And though he cannot follow where the noble
sport invites him,
He slyly steals behind, and by the heel he bites
him.

Bow, wow, wow,---Fal, la, la.

You've a choice pack of friends, while to feed
'em you are able,
Your dog for his morsel crouches under your
table,
Your friends turn tail in misfortune or disaster,
But your poor faithful dog will ne'er forsake his
Master.

Bow, wow, wow,---Fal, la, la.

As your friends turn tail the moment that you
need 'em,
My dog ran away when no longer I could feed
him,
The cur, so ungrateful, forsook me on my jour-
ney,
And for a mouldy crust went back to the attor-
ney.

Bow, wow, wow,---Fal, la, la.

LETHE.

LETHE. Garrick.

CCCXXX.

YE mortals whom fancies and troubles perplex,
Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex ;
Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest,
Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest ;
Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your
care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
And young ones the rover, they cannot regain ;
The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd ;
Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,
Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants ;
The troubled in mind shall go chearful away,
And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day.
Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your
care.

CCCXXXI.

THE card invites, in crowds we fly
 To join the jovial rout, fall cry;
 What joy from cares and plagues all day,
 And hie to the Midnight Hark-away!

Nor want, nor pain, nor grief, nor care,
 Nor drowsy husbands enter there;
 The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,
 All hie to the Midnight Hark-away.

Uncounted strikes the morning clock,
 And drowsy watchmen idly knock;
 Till day-light peeps, we sport and play,
 And rear to the jolly Hark-away.

When tir'd with sport to bed we creep,
 And kill the tedious day with sleep;
 To-morrow's welcome call obey,
 And again to the Midnight Hark-away.

LIONEL and CLARISSA. Bickerstaff.

CCCXXXII.

TO tell you the truth,
In the days of my youth,
As mirth and nature bid,
I lik'd a glass,
And I lov'd a lass,
And I did as younkers did,

But now I am old,
With grief be it told,
I must those freaks forbear,
At sixty-three,
'Twixt you and me,
A man grows worse for wear.

CCCXXXIII.

ZOUNDS, Sir! then I'll tell you without any jest,
The thing of all things, which I hate and detest;
A coxcomb, a fop,
A dainty milk-fop;
Who, essenc'd and dizen'd from bottom to top,
Looks just like a doll for a milliner's shop.
A thing full of prate,
And pride and conceit,
All fashion no weight;

Who

Who shrugs and takes snuff,
 And carries a muff;
 A minikin,
 Finiking,
 French powder-puff,
 And now, Sir, I fancy, I've told you enough.

CCCXXXIV.

WE all say the man was exceedingly knowing,
 And knowing most surely was he,
 Who found out the cause of the ebbing and flowing,
 The flux and reflux of the sea.
 Nor was he in knowledge far from it,
 Who first mark'd the course of a comet;
 To what it was owing,
 Its coming and going,
 Its wandering hither and thither;
 But the man that divines
 A Lady's designs,
 Their cause or effect,
 In any respect,
 Is wiser than both put together.

CCCXXXV.

A rascal, a hussy; zounds! she that I counted
 In temper so mild, so unpractised in evil:
 I set her a horseback, and no sooner mounted,
 Than crack, whip, and spur, she rides post to the
 devil.

But

But there let her run,
 Be ruin'd, undone;
 If I go to catch her,
 Or back again fetch her,
 I'm worse than the son of a gun.

A mischief possessed me to marry,
 And further my folly to carry,
 To be still more a sot,
 Sons and daughters I got,
 And pretty ones by the Lord Harry.

CCCXXXVI.

LION. COME then, all ye social pow'rs,
 Shed your influence o'er us,
 Crown with bliss the present hours,
 And lighten those before us,
 May the just, the gen'rous kind,
 Still see that you regard 'em,
 And Lionels for ever find,
 Clarissa's to reward 'em.

CLAR. Love, thy godhead I adore,
 Source of sacred passion,
 But will never bow before
 Those idols, wealth, or fashion,
 May, like me, each maiden wise,
 From the fop defend her;
 Learning, sense, and virtue prize,
 And scorn the vain pretender,

HAR.

HAR. Why the plague should men be sad,
 While in time we moulder;
 Grave, or gay, or vex'd, or glad,
 We ev'ry day grow older.
 Bring the flask, the music bring,
 Joy will quickly find us;
 Drink and laugh, and dance and sing,
 And cast our cares behind us.

DIAN. How shall I escape---so naught,
 On filial laws to trample;
 I'll e'en curtsey, own my fault,
 And plead papa's example.
 Parents 'tis a hint to you,
 Children oft are shameless;
 Oft transgress---the thing's too true---
 But are you always blameless?

OLDB One word before we go;
 Girls and boys have patience;
 You to friends must something owe,
 As well as to relations,
 These kind gentlemen address---
 What though we forgave 'em,
 Still they must be lost, unless
 You lend a hand to save 'em.

MAY-DAY. Garrick.

CCCXXXVII.

WOULD women do as I do,
 With spirit scorn dejection,
 The men no arts could fly to,
 They'd keep 'em in subjection :
 But if we sigh or simper,
 The love-sick farce is over,
 They'll bring us soon to whimper,
 And then good night the lover.

Would women do as I do,
 No knaves or fools could cheat 'em,
 They'd passion bid good bye to,
 And trick for trick would meet 'em :
 But if we sigh or simper,
 The love-sick farce is over,
 They'll bring us soon to whimper,
 And then good night the lover.

CCCXXXVIII.

CCCXXXVIII.

WHAT'S a poor simple clown
To do in the town?
Of freaks and vagaries I'll none;
The folks I saw there
Two faces did wear,
An honest man ne'er has but one.

Let others to London go roam,
I love my neighbour,
To sing and to labour,
To me there's nothing like country and home.

Nay the ladies, I vow,
I cannot tell how,
Were now white as curd, and now red;
Law! how you would stare,
At their huge crop of hair,
'Tis a haycock o'top of their head!
Let others, &c.

Then 'tis so dizen'd out,
And with trinkets about,
With ribbands and flippets between;
They so noddle-and tofs,
Just like a fore horse,
With tassels and bells in a team.
Let others, &c.

Then

Then the fops are so fine,
With lank-wasted chine,
And a little skimp bit of a hat;
Which from sun, wind, and rain
Will not shelter their brain,
Tho' there's no need to take care of that.
Let others, &c.

Would you these creatures ape,
In looks, and their shape,
Teach a calf on his hind legs to go;
Let him waddle in gait,
A skim-dish on his pate,
And he'll look all the world like a beau.
Let others, &c.

To keep my brains right,
My bones whole and tight,
To speak, nor to look, would I dare;
As they bake they shall brew,
Old Nick and his crew,
At London keep Vanity Fair.
Let others, &c.

CCCXXXIX.

YES, I'll give my heart away,
To her will not forsake it;
Softly, maidens, softly, pray,
You must not snatch,
Nor fight nor scratch,
But gently, gently take it.

Ever constant, warm and true,
 The toy is worth the keeping,
 'Tis not spoil'd with fashions new,
 But full of love,
 It will not rove---
 The corn is worth the reaping.

Maidens, come, put in your claim,
 I will not give it blindly;
 My heart a lamb, tho' brisk is tame;
 So let each lass
 Before me pass,
 Who wins, pray use it kindly.
 All have such bewitching eyes,
 To give to one would wrong ye;
 In turns to each my fancy strays;
 So let each fair,
 Take equal share,
 I throw my heart among ye.

 CCCXL.

O SPREAD thy rich mantle, sweet May, o'er
 the ground,
 Drive the blasts of keen winter away;
 Let the birds sweetly carol, thy flow'rets smile
 round,
 And let us with all nature be gay.
 Let spleen, spight and envy, those clouds of the
 mind,
 Be dispers'd by the sunshine of joy;
 The pleasures of Eden had blest'd human kind,
 Had no fiend enter'd there to destroy.

As May with her sunshine can warm the cold
earth,

Let each fair with the season improve ;
Be widows restor'd from mourning to mirth,
And hard-hearted maids yield to love.

With the treasures of spring let the village be
dress'd,

Its joys let the season impart ;
When rapture swells high, and o'erflows from each
breast,
'Tis the May of the mind and the heart.

CCC XLI.

YOUNG maids, and young swains, if you're cu-
rious to know

What husbands you'll have, and what wives ;
From above I can know, what you'll do here be-
low,

And what you have done all your lives :

Don't blush and don't fear,

As I'm old I am wise,

And I read in your eyes---

I must whisper the rest in your ear.

If you, a false man, should betray a fond maid,
I'll read what the stars have decreed ;

If you, a fond maid, should be ever betray'd,
You'll be sorry that page I should read.

Don't blush and don't fear, &c.

If youth weds old age, tho' it wallows in gold,
With fattins, and filks, and fine watch;
Yet when for base gold youth and beauty is sold,
The devil alone makes the match.

Don't blush and don't fear, &c.

If an old man's so rash to wed a young wife,
Or an old woman wed a young man,
For such husband and wife, I read danger and
strife,

For nature detests such a plan.

Don't blush and don't fear, &c.

D U E T T O.

CCCXLII.

PASSION of the purest nature,
Glows within this faithful breast,
While I gaze on each lov'd feature,
Love will let me know no rest.

Thus the ewe her lamb caressing,
Watches with a mother's fear,
While she eyes her little blessing,
Thinks the cruel wolf is near.

The MAID of the MILL. Bickerstaff.

CCCXLIII.

WHAT are outward forms and shews,
To an honest heart compar'd?
Oft the rustic, wanting those,
Has the nobler portion shar'd.

Oft we see the homely flow'r,
Bearing, at the hedge's side,
Virtues of more sov'reign pow'r;
Than the gardens gayest pride.

CCCXLIV.

HARK! 'tis I your own true lover,
After walking three long miles;
One kind look at least discover,
Come, and speak a word to Giles.
You alone my heart I fix on,
Ah, you little cunning vixen!
I can see your roguish smiles.

Addlids ! my mind is so possest,
 'Till we're sped, I shan't have rest ;
 Only say the things a bargain,
 Here an you like it,
 Ready to strike it
 There's at once an end of arguing ;
 I'm her's, she's mine ;
 Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

CCCXLV.

WHY how now Miss pert,
 Do you think to divert
 My anger, by fawning and stroking,
 Would you make me a fool ?
 Your play-thing, your tool,
 Was ever young minx so provoking.
 Get out of my sight,
 'Twould be serving you right,
 To lay a sound dose of the lash on ;
 Contradict your mamma,
 I've a mind by the la,
 But I won't put myself in a passion.

CCCXLVI.

Odds my life, search England over,
 An you match her in her station ;
 I'll be bound to fly the nation :
 And be sure as well I love her

Do but feel my heart a beating,
 Still her pretty name repeating,
 Here's the work 'tis always at,
 Pity, patty, pat, pit, pat.

When she makes the music tinkle,
 What on yearth can sweeter be?
 Then her little eyes so twinkle,
 'Tis a feast to hear and see.

 CCCXLVII.

I am young, and I am friendless,
 And poor, alas! withal;
 Sure my sorrows will be endless,
 In vain for help I call,
 Have some pity in your nature,
 To relieve a wretched creature,
 Though the gift be ne'er so small.
 May your possessing, every blessing,
 Still inherit, Sir, all you merit, Sir,
 And never know what it is to want,
 Sweet Heaven, your Worship all happiness grant.

 CCCXLVIII.

WHY quits the merchant, blest with ease,
 The pleasure of his native seat,
 To tempt the dangers of the seas,
 And climes more perilous than these;
 Midst freezing cold, or scorching heat?

He

He knows the hardships, knows the pain,
 The length of way, but thinks it small:
 The sweets of what he hopes to gain,
 Undaunted, make him combat all.

CCCXLIX.

MY passion in vain I attempt to dissemble,
 Th' endeavour to hide it, but makes it appear;
 Enraptur'd I gaze; when I touch her I tremble,
 And speak to and hear her, with fault'ring and fear.
 By how many cruel ideas tormented!
 My bloods in a ferment, it freezes, it burns;
 This moment I wish, what the next is repented,
 While love, rage, and jealousy rack me by turns.

CCCL.

WAS I sure a life to lead,
 Wretched as the vilest slave,
 Ev'ry hardship wou'd I brave:
 Rudest toil, severest need,
 Ere yield my hand so coolly,
 To the man who never truly,
 Could my heart in keeping have.

Wealth with others success will insure you,
 Where your wit and your person may please,
 Take to them your love, I conjure you,
 And in mercy set me at ease.

CCCLI.

WHEN a maid in way of marriage,
First is courted by a man,
Let 'un do the best he can,
She's so shame-fac'd in her carriage,
'Tis with pain the suit's began.

Tho'f mayhap she like's him mainly,
Still she shams it coy and cold;
Fearing to confes it plainly,
Lest the folks should think her bold.

But the parson comes in sight,
Gives the word to bill and coo;
'Tis a different story quite,
And she quickly buckles to.

CCCLII.

TRUST me, would you taste true pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
No where shall you find the treasure
Sure as in the sylvan scene,
Blest, who no false glare requiring,
Nature's rural sweets admiring,
Can, from grosser joys retiring,
Seek the simple and serene.

CCCLIII.

YOU vile pack of vagabonds, what do you mean?
I'll maul you, rascallions,
Ye tatter-demallions,
If one of them comes within reach of my cane.

Such cursed assurance,
'Tis past all endurance
Nay, nay, pray come away,
They're liars and thieves,
And he that believes,
Their foolish predictions
Will find them but fictions,
A bubble that always deceives.

CCCLIV.

HIST, hift! I hear my mother call?
Pr'ythee be gone,
We'll meet anon.
Catch this, and this----
Blow me a kiss,
In pledge-promis'd truth, that's all.

Farewell

Farewell !—and yet a moment stay,
Something beside I had to say ;

Well, 'tis forgot ;

No matter what.

Love grant us grace ;

The mill's the place :

She calls again, I must away. Z

CCCLV.

YES, 'tis decreed, thou maid divine,

I must, I will, possess thee.

Oh, what delight within my arms to press thee !

To kiss and call thee mine !

Let me this only bliss enjoy,

That ne'er can waste, that ne'er cloy,

All other pleasures I resign.

Why should we dally ;

Stand shilly, shally,

Let fortune smile or frown.

Love will attend us,

Love will befriend us,

And all our wishes crown.

CCCLVI.

LORD, Sir, you seem mighty uneasy,

But I the refusal can bear ;

I warrant I shall not run crazy,

Nor die in a fit of despair.

If so you suppose, you're mistaken,
For, Sir, for to let you to know,
I'm not such a maiden forsaken,
But I have two strings to my bow.

CCCLVII.

AN they count me such a ninny,
So to let them rule the roast;
I'll bet any one a guinea
They have scor'd without their host.
For if I don't shew them in lieu of it
A trick that is fairly worth two of it,
Why then let me pass for a fool and an ass.

To be sure yon fly cajoler,
Thought the work as good as done,
When he found the little stroller
Was so easy to be won.
But if I don't shew him in lieu of it,
A trick that's fairly worth two of it,
Then let me pass for a fool or an ass!

CCCLVIII.

ZOOKS ! why should I sit down and grieve ?
No case so sad, there mayn't be had
Some med'cine to relieve.
Here's what master's all disasters:
With a cup of nut-brown beer,
Thus my drooping thoughts I cheer :

If one pretty damsel fail me,
 From another I may find
 Return more kind ;
 What a murrain then should ail me ?
 All girls are not of a mind.
 He's a child that whimpers for a toy,
 So here's to thee honest boy.

 CCCLIX.

CEASE, oh cease to overwhelm me,
 With excess of bounty rare,
 What am I ? what have I ? tell me,
 To deserve your meanest care ?
 'Gainst our fate in vain's resistance,
 Let me then no grief disclose ;
 But resign'd at humble distance,
 Offer vows for your repose.

 CCCLX.

TO speak my mind of womankind,
 In one word 'tis this,
 By nature they're design'd,
 To say and do amiss.
 Be they maids, be they wives,
 Alike they plague our lives ;
 Wanton, headstrong, cunning, vain,
 Born to cheat, and give men pain.

Their study, day and night,
Is mischief, their delight;
And if we should prevent
At one door their intent;
They quickly turn about,
And find another out,

CCCLXI.

LET me fly——hence tyrant fashion,
Teach to servile minds your law;
Curb in them each gen'rous passion,
Ev'ry motion keep in awe.

Shall I, in thy trammels going,
Quit the idol of my heart;
While it beats, all fervent, glowing!
With my life I'll sooner part.

CCCLXII.

WHEN you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb, and fair in feature,
Full of kindness and good nature;
Prove again as kind to she;
Happy mortal! to possess her,
In your bosom, warm, and press her,
Morning, noon, and night, caress her.
And be fond, as fond can be.

But

But if one you meet that's froward,
 Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
 Should you act the whining coward,
 'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit;
 Nothing's tough enough to bind her,
 Then agog, when once you find her,
 Let her go, and never mind her;
 Heart alive, you're fairly quiet.

CCCLXIII.

O! what a simpleton was I,
 To make my bed at such a rate;
 Now lay thee down, vain fool, and cry,
 Thy true love seeks another mate.

No tears alack,
 Will call him back,
 No tender words his heart allure;
 I could bite
 My tongue, thro' spite,
 Some plague bewitch'd me, that's for sure.

CCCLXIV.

OH leave me in pity, the fallhood I scorn,
 For slander the bosom untainted defies;
 But rudeness, and insult, are not to be borne,
 Tho' offer'd by wretches we've sense to despise

Of woman defenceless, how cruel the fate,
 Pass ever so cautious, so blameless her way ;
 Nature, and envy, lurk always in wait,
 And innocence falls to their fury a prey.

CCCLXV.

WHO upon the oozy beech,
 Can count the num'rous sands that lie ;
 Or distinctly reckon each
 Transparent orb that studs the sky ?
 As their multitude betray,
 And frustrate all attempts to tell ;
 So 'tis impossible to say,
 How much I love, I love so well.

CCCLXVI.

THEN hey for a frolicksome life !
 I'll ramble where pleasures are rife ;
 Strike up with the free-hearted lasses,
 And never think more of a wife ;
 Plague on it, men are but asses,
 To run after noise and strife.
 Had we been together buckl'd,
 'Twould have prov'd a fine affair ;
 Dogs would have bark'd at the cuckold,
 And boys pointing cry'd---Look there.

MERCHANT

MERCHANT of VENICE.---Shakespeare.

CCCLXVII.

HASTE, Lorenza, haste away,
To my longing arms repair,
With impatience I shall die;
Come, and ease thy Jessy's care:
Let me then in wanton play,
Sigh and gaze my soul away.

CCCLXVIII.

MY bliss too long my bride denies,
Apace the waisting summer flies;
Nor yet the wint'ry blasts I fear,
Nor storms nor night shall keep me here.
What may for strength with steel compare?
O love has fetters stronger far!
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enchains the mind.
No longer then perplex thy breast,
When thoughts torment, the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
Away my Jessy, haste away.

CCCLXIX.

TO keep my gentle Jesse,
What labour wou'd seem hard,
Each toilsome task how easy!
Her love the sweet reward.

The Bee thus, uncomplaining,
Esteems no toil severe,
The sweet reward obtaining,
Of honey, all the year.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.--Shakespeare.

CCCLXX.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:

Then sigh not so,

But let them go,

And be you blith and bonny;

Converting all your sounds of wee

Into, hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo

Of dumps so dull and heavy;

The frauds of men were over so,

Since summer first was leavy.

Then sigh not so, &c.

MARIAN.

M A R I A N---Mrs. Brooks.

CCCLXXI.

NOW the wintry storms are o'er,
Spring unlocks her verdant store ;
Smiling pleasure crowns the day.
Sweetly breathes the blushing May.

O'er the daisy-painted mead,
Now the wanton lambkins spread,
Ever playful, every gay,
Fond to welcome in the May.

Now responsive thro' the grove,
Softer tun'd to spring and love,
Echo, with her sportive lay,
Joins our carols to the May.

CCCLXXII.

TO the chace, to the chace ; on the brow of the
hill,

Let the hounds meet the sweet-breathing morn ;
While full in the welkin, their notes clear and
shrill,

Join the sound of the heart chearing horn.

What

What music celestial! when urging their race,
Sweet Echo repeats, " To the chace to the
chace!"

Our pleasure transports us, how gay flies the hour
Sweet health and quick spirits attend;
Not sweeter when evening convenes to the bower,
And we meet the lov'd smile of a friend,
See the stag just before us! He starts at the cry;
He stops---his strength fails---Speak, my friends
must he die?

His innocent aspect, whilst standing at bay,
His expression of anguish and pain;
All plead for compassion---your looks seems to say,
Let him bound o'er his forests again.
Quick release him to dart o'er the neighbouring
plains,
Let him live---let him bound o'er his forests again.

CCCLXXIII.

TOO happy when Edward was kind,
My father agreed to our love!
No cares e'er disorder'd my mind,
I sung as I travers'd the grove.
Like the lark's was each note of my song,
Serene were my chearful days spent;
While eve brought my shepherd along,
My shepherd, fond love---and content.

CCCLXXIV.

CCCLXXIV.

WHEN little on the village green
 We play'd, I learn'd to love her,
 She seem'd to me some Fairy Queen,
 So light tripp'd Patty Clover.
 With every simple childish art
 I try'd each day to move her:
 The cherry pluck'd the bleeding heart,
 To give to Patty Clover,
 The fairest flowers to deck her breast
 I chose---an infant lover!
 I stole the Goldfinch from its nest
 To give to Patty Clover.

CCCLXXV.

HOW blest our condition ! how jocund the day
 Ye swains, can our pleasures be told?
 To range in sweet order the rows of new hay,
 To lead the stray'd lamb to the fold?
 To fetch up the kine for the maidens we love.
 And guard her from noon's burning beam;
 To guide her dear steps, when she leads thro' the
 grove,
 The heifer which pants for the stream.
 To carry her pail, when with milk it o'erflows,
 To wait while she rests on the stile;
 To gather the king-cup, the woodbine, or rose,
 To make her a posy the while.

"Tis

'Tis Fanny the lovely, who causes my smart,
'Tis she does all maidens excel;
If you ask her dear name who has conquer'd my
heart

'Tis Fanny, the pride of the dell.

'Tis Fanny, sweet Fanny,

'Tis Fanny, the pride of the dell.

CCCLXXVI.

I DONNA like ye, gentle Sir,
Altho' a laird ye be;
I like a bonny Scottish lad
Wha brought me frae Dundee.

Haud away! Haud away!

Wi' Jamie o'er the lea

I gang'd along wi' free gude will,
He's a' the world to me!

I've gang'd wi' Jamie frae Dundee,
To cheer the way;

His cheeks are ruddy o'er wi' halth,
He's frolick as the May.

Haud away, &c.

The lavrock mounts to hail the morn,
The Lint' white swells her throat;
But neither are sa sweet, sa clean,
As Jamie's tuneful note.

Haud away, &c.

MIDAS. O'Hara.

CCCLXXVII.

JOVE, in his chair,
Of the sky Lord May'r,
With his nods
Men and Gods
Keeps in awe ;
When he winks,
Heaven shrinks ;
When he speaks,
Hell squeaks ;
Earth's globe is but his taw.
Cock of the school
He bears despotic rule,
His word
Tho' absurd
Must be law.
Even Fate ,
Tho' so great,
Must not prate :
His bald pate
Jove would cuff,
He's so bluff,
For a straw.
Cow'd deities,
Like mice in cheese,
To stir must cease,
Or gnaw.

CCCLXXVIII.

CCCLXXVIII.

THINK not, lewd Jove,
Thus to wrong my chaste love ;
For, spite of your rakehelly godhead.
By day and by night,
Juno will have her right,
Nor be, of dues nuptial, defrauded.

I'll ferrit the haunts
Of your female gallants ;
In vain you in darkness enclose them ;
Your favourite jades,
I'll plunge to the shades,
Or into cows metamorphose them.

CCCLXXIX.

BE by your friends advised,
Too harsh, too hasty dad !
Maugre your bolts, and wise head,
The world will think you mad.

What worse can Bacchus teach men,
His roaring bucks, when drunk,
Then break the lamps, beat watchmen.
And stagger to some punk ?

CCCLXXX.

SINCE you mean to hire for service,
Come with me, you jolly dog;
You can help to bring home harvest,
Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.
Fa la la.

With three crowns, your standing wages,
You shall daintily be fed;
Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
Butter-milk, and oaten-bread.
Fa la la.

Come strike hands, you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home,
And when daily labour's over
We'll all dance to your strum strum.
Fa la la.

POL. I strike hands, I take your offer,
Farther on I may fare worse;
Zooks, I can no longer suffer
Hungry guts, and empty purse.
Fa la la.

SIL. Do, strike hands; 'tis kind I offer;

POL. I strike hands, and take your offer;

SIL. Farther seeking you'll fare worse:

POL. Farther on I may fare worse.

VOL I.

Y

SIL.

SIL. Pity such a lad should suffer,

POL. Zooks, I can no longer suffer,

SIL. Hungry guts, and empty purse.

POL. Hungry guts, and empty purse.

Fa la la.

CCCLXXXI.

GIRLS are known
To mischief prone,
If ever they be idle.
Who would rear
Two daughters fair,
Must hold a steady bridle:
For here they skip,
And there they trip,
And this and that way fiddle.
Giddy maids,
Poor filly jades,
All after men are gadding;
They flirt pell-mell,
Their train to swell,
To coxcomb, coxcomb adding:
To ev'ry fop
They're cock-a-hoop
And set their mothers madding.

CCCLXXXII.

CCCLXXXII.

PRAY, goody, please to moderate the rancour of
your tongue :

Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes ?
Remember when the judgment's weak, the preju-
dice is strong.

A stranger why will you despise ?

Ply me,

Try me,

Prove, ere you deny me :

If you cast me

Off, you blast me

Never more to rise.

CCCLXXXIII.

Nysa. **M**AMA, how can you be so ill-natur'd,
To the gentle handsome swain ?

DAPH. To a lad, so limb'd, so featur'd,
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.

Sure 'tis cruel, &c.

Mrs. Girls, for you my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account :

SIL. Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me,
I will rule depend upon't.

Nys. Ah ! ah !

DAPH. Mama !

NYSA and DAPHNE.

Mama, how can you be so ill-natur'd,
Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd and featur'd?
To the gentle, handsome swain,
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,
To the gentle, handsome swain.

Mrs. Girls, for you my fears perplex me;
I'm alarm'd on your account,

SIL. Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me;
I will rule, depend upon't.

Nys. Mama!

Mys. Psha! Psha!

DAPH. Papa,

SIL. Ah! ah!

DAPH. Mama, how can you be so ill-natur'd,

SIL. Psha, psha, you must not be so ill-natur'd;

Nys. Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd so featur'd?

DAPH. To the gentle handsome swain,

SIL. He's a gentle handsome swain,

Nys. Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.

Mys. 'Tis my pleasure to give pain.

DAPH. Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.

SIL. He's a gentle handsome swain.

Nys. To the gentle handsome swain.

Mys. To your odious, fav'rite swain.

CCCLXXXIV.

SHALL a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,

Dare my amours to cross?

Shall a peasant minx, when Justice Midas woos,

Her nose up at him tofs?

No:

No : I'll kidnap——then possess her :
 I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mundungus in ex-
 change ;

So glut to the height of pleasure,

My love and my revenge,

No : I'll kidnap, &c.

CCCLXXXV.

JUPITER wenchcs and drinks,

He rules the roast in the sky ;

Yet he's a fool if he thinks,

That he's as happy as I :

Juno rates him,

And grates him,

And leads his highness a weary life ;

I have my lass,

And my glass,

And stroll a batchelor's merry life.

Let him fluster,

And bluster,

Yet cringe to his harridan's furbelow ;

To my fair tulips,

I glew lips,

And clink the cannikin here below.

CCCLXXXVI.

ALL around the maypole how they trot,

Hot

Pot,

And good ale have got ;

Routing,

Shouting,

At you flouting,

Fleering,

Jeering,

And what not.

There is old Sileno frisks like a mad

Lad,

Glad

To see us sad ;

Cap'ring,

Vap'ring :

While Pol, scraping,

Coaxes

The lasses

As he did the dad.

CCCLXXXVII.

SURE I shall run with vexation distracted,

To see my purposes thus counteracted !

This way or that way, or which way soever,

All things run contrary to my endeavour.

Daughters

Daughters projecting
 Their ruin and shame,
 Fathers neglecting
 The care of their fame ;
 Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper ;
 Here's a fine dance---but 'tis he pays the piper.

CCCLXXXVIII.

HE's as tight a lad to see to,
 As e'er stept in leather shoe,
 And, what's better, he'll love me too,
 And to him I'll prove true blue.
 Tho' my sister casts a Hawk's eye,
 I defy what she can do,
 He o'erlook'd the little dozy,
 I'm the girl he means to woo.
 Hither I stole out to meet him,
 He'll, no doubt, my steps pursue,
 If the youth prove true, I'll fit him ;
 If he's false—I'll fit him too.

CCCLXXXIX.

LOVELY nymph, assuage my anguish ;
 At your feet a tender swain
 Prays you will not let him languish,
 One kind look would ease his pain.

Did

Did you know the lad who courts you,
 He not long needs sue in vain;
 Prince of song, of dance, of sports---you
 Scarce will meet his like again.

CCCXC.

IF you can caper, as well as you modulate,
 With the addition of that pretty face,
 Pan, who was held by our shepherds a God o' late,
 Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place
 His beard so frowfy, his gestures so awkward are,
 And his bag pipe has so drowfy a drone,
 That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,
 You may count on all the girls as your own.

CCCXCI

DAPH. **M**Y minikin miss, do you fancy that Poll
 Can ever be caught by an infant's dol?

NYS. Can you, Miss Maypole, suppose he will fall
 In love with the giantess of Guildhall?

DAPH. Pigemy elf,

NYS, Colossus itself,

BOTH. You will lie till you're mouldy upon the
 shelf.

DAPH. You stump o' th' gutter, you hop o' my
 thumb,

A husband for you must from Lilliput
 come.

NYS.

Nys. You stalking steeple, you gawky stag,
Your husband must come from Brog-
dignag.

DAPH. Sour grapes,

Nys. Lead apes,

BOTH. I'll humble your vanity, mistress trapes.

DAPH. Miss, your assurance

Nys. And, miss, your high airs

DAPH. Is past all endurance.

Nys. Are at their last pray'rs.

DAPH. No more of those freedoms, Miss Nyfa,
I beg.

Nys. Miss Daphne's conceit must be lower'd a
peg.

DAPH. Poor spite!

Nys. Pride hurt!

DAPH. Liver white!

Nys. Rare sport!

DAPH. Do, shew your teeth, spitfire, do, but you
can't bite,

Nys. This haughtiness soon will be laid in the
dirt.

Poor spite, &c.

Pride hurt, &c.

CCCXCII.

O WHAT pleasures will abound
When my wife is laid in ground!
Let earth cover her,
We'll dance over her,
When my wife is laid in ground.
Oh how happy should I be,
Would little Nyfa pig with me!
How I'd mumble her,
Touze and tumble her,
Would little Nyfa pig with me.

CCCXCIII.

IF into your hen-yard
The treacherous reynard
Steals flily, your poultry to ravage,
With gun you attack him,
With beagles you track him,
All's fair to destroy the fell savage.
So Pol, who comes picking
Up my tender chicken,
No means do I scruple to banish;
With power I'll o'erbear him,
With fraud I'll ensnare him,
By hook or by crook he shall vanish.

CCCXCIV.

CCCXCIV.

IN these greasy old tatters
His charms brighter shine;
Then his guittar he clatters
With tinkling divine:
But, my sister,
Ah! he kifs'd her,
And me he pass'd by;
I'm jealous
Of the fellow's
Bad taste and blind eye,

CCCXCV.

MID. MASTER Pol
And his toll de-roll-lol,
I'll buffet away from the plain, fir.
PAN. And I'll assist
Your worship's fist
With all my might and main, fir;
MYS. And I'll have a thump,
Thought he is so plump,
And made such a wonderful racket
MID. I'll buff,
PAN. I'll rough,

Mrs.

Mys. I'll buff,

Mid. I'll cuff,

OmN, And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

Mid. For all his cheats,

And wenching feats,

He shall rue on his knees 'em,

Or skip, by goles,

As high as Paul's,

Like ugly witch on besom ;

Arraign'd he shall be,

Of treason to me!

PAN. And I with my davy will back it ;

I'll swear,

Mid. I'll snare,

Mys. I'll tear.

OmN. O rare!

And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

CCCXCVI.

WHAT the devil's here to do,

Ye logger-heads and gypsies?

Sirrah you, and hussey you,

And each of you tipfy is:

But I'll as sure pull down your pride as

A gun, or as I am justice Midas.

Cho. O tremendous justice Midas,

Who shall oppose wise justice Midas?

CCCXCVII.

CCCXCVII.

NOW I'm seated,
I'll be treated
 Like the sopher on his throne ;
In my presence,
Scoundrel peasants,
 Shall not call their souls their own.
My behest is,
He who best is,
 Shall be fix'd musician chief:
Ne'er the loser,
Shall shew nose here,
 But be transported like a thief.]

CHORUS. O tremendous, &c.

CCCXCVIII.

A pox on your pother about this or that;
Your shrieking or squeaking, a sharp, or a flat:
I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're flat, master Pol;
So here goes a set to at toll de-roll-loll.

When Beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper,
And after Miss Will o' the Whisp the fools scamper;
Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol:
Pray what's all this fuss for, but---toll-de-roll-loll.

Mankind are a medley---a chance medley race ;
 All start in full cry, to give dame fortune chace ;
 There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all :
 And luck's the best tune of life's toll-de-roll-loll.

I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long ;
 I only meant life is but an old song :
 The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll ;
 Where all act the scene of toll-de-roll-loll.

CCCXCIX.

AH, happy hours, how fleeting
 Ye danc'd on down away ;
 When my soft vows repeating,
 At Daphne's feet I lay.

But from her charms when Sunder'd,
 As Midas' frowns presage ;
 Each hour will seem an hundred :
 Each day appear an age.

The MUSICAL LADY. Colman.

CCCC.

LOVE's a sweet and soft Musician,
 Who derives his skill from thee,
 Plays on ev'ry disposition,
 Strikes the soul on ev'ry key.

Deep

Deep Despair now thrums Adagio,
Lively Hope now sounds Corragio.
—— O the ravishing transition !
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee.

NEW SPAIN; or, LOVE in MEXICO.

CCCCI.

WITH many a sad, intrusive doubt oppress,
As the pale maiden eyes her plighted youth,
While threat'ning absence chills her glowing breast,
Let pitying love inspire this holy truth :
Tho' trackless climes to part them interfere,
Still heart to heart shall beat, as fondly true,
As when blest bosoms form that sole barrier,
Which mutual pressures labour to subdue.

CCCCII.

NOW Cynthia rode in silver car,
The heav'ns were clad in milder blue ;
Now silence watch'd the milder star,
With secrecy to lovers true ;
The stately bark at anchor seemed to sleep,
On the slow-swelling bosom of the deep.

His tresses streaming to the breeze,
 Where hangs the sea-boy o'er the bow,
 Who loves to loll with listless ease,
 And hear the wild wave talk below;
 Or starts, perchance, to view the pendant sail,
 As flapping, loud, it chides th'intruding gale.
 My fair one's faithful step to hear,
 I pause upon the grey-sand's slope;
 Each tardy hour sees icy fear
 Invade the glow of sick'ning hope;
 'Till the sad dawn of unpropitious day
 Beholds the bosom's last fond hope decay.

CCCCIII.

I'VE lost her, full weary is my heart,——
 Yet seeks in vain an object of repose:
 I've lost her---the sun which saw us part,
 Shall never see the period of my woes.
 Time strives in vain to bid my sorrows rest,
 Or fill the cheerless void within my breast.

T R I O.

CCCCIV.

THREE pilgrims at Love's sacred shrine we
 bow,
 And breathe, with holy zeal, the fervent vow;
 Mark'd by the mien enwrapt, the sigh of fire,
 Senses subdu'd, and purify'd desire:
 Nor meanly guerdon'd who shall these attain,
 By musing on the heav'n they seek, perhaps, in
 vain.

CCCCV.

CCCCV.

AS the foldier's lad, with his foraging cap,
On the baggage rides in his mother's lap,
The captain eyes him with a father's joy,
And soon to a fife promotes the boy.
Now his fabre behind him he fwings with an air,
And his ears are well flower'd----well pafled his
hair,
While his taffel'd hat with its weight crowds down
His chubby little face to a foldier frown.

With a martial fwagger how he throws about
The natty no-skirt of a quick-cut-coat!
Mills a fowl on the march for a gill of rum,
And his Major pronounces him fit for a drum.
With his arms akimbo, then, the knowing young
elf,
And a drum at his back, full as big as himfelf,
Sucks his teeth with an air, fwears he'll make good
his quarters,
So he does, as he fwears, with his landlady's
daughters.

Can promotion be refus'd to talents fo well fuiting?
He's a Serjeant well-fed, now, and fam'd for re-
cruiting;
Beneath fafh and hat what a military grace!
For round is his belly, and red is his face:

Like a Serjeant he swears, if he kicks but a straw,
 And lyes like a Serjeant---a Serjeant at law;
 Yet Serjeant or drum, shew a female or foe,
 And you'll find him a soldier from top to toe.

CCCCVI.

TWO maidens my heart transfix'd----

One a lilly, one brown as a berry :
 I stood like a boy betwixt
 A black and a white heart cherry.

One blush'd like the rose in morning,
 Which in the garden blows,
 And one like the rose adorning
 The shoes of our garden beaux.

My heart now black, now white,
 Young cupid laid his lash on ;
 I sobb'd by day and by night,
 With a kind of a pye-ball'd passion.

But now each beautiful lass,
 Her forces marches away,
 And I'm no longer an ass
 Between two bundles of hay.

Depriv'd of my white (sweet) heart----
 And my black, so seducing and mellow,
 For the garden again I'll depart,
 And pick up a juicy morella.

CCCCVII.

CCCCVII.

'TIS pleasant to see when my Lord obtains a
 post in administration,
 How the love of his country, which boils in his
 veins,
 Infects each dear relation!
 Up his cousins
 Flock by dozens;

One is proud of supporting a place,
 Just---that it may not fall into disgrace;
 One wou'd finger the Treasury plumbs,
 Just---to keep him from biting his thumbs:
 If they juggle for titles, and such pretty things,
 If they lie or they flatter, for stars or for strings,
 Oh!---'tis all for the good of the nation!

But shou'd my Lord, at length, for his pains,
 Be charg'd with speculation,
 How his crime corrupts the pure blood in the
 veins

Of every dear relation!

Down his counsins

Drop by dozens:

Then they find that a snug little place
 May lie, now and then, in the road to disgrace;
 That they had better been sucking their thumbs,
 Than liming their fingers with Treasury plumbs;
 And if some more resolv'd upon taking their swing,
 Tho' their stars are eclips'd, find their end in a
 string,

Why---'tis all for the good of the nation!

CCCCVIII.

CCCCVIII.

WHEN the blythe village maid, leads her flock
to the plains,

Ah me ! how I envy her lot !

I'd spurn all the splendour a palace contains,

With freedom to dwell in a cot :

Awak'd by the lark, o'er my love as I hung,

His slumbers I'd chase with a kiss ;

No tyrant to check me, no venomous tongue

With slander, to sully my blifs.

The toil of the day wou'd be pleasure to me,

Still drinking fresh health from the gale !

And ev'ning wou'd bring, with an aspect of glee,

The Legend, the Song, or the Tale ;

Till the still gloom of night wrapp'd the hamlet in
rest,

And my fancy grew big with alarms,

Then I'd steal to my lover, creep close to his
breast,

And lose all my fears in his arms.

CCCCIX.

WHAT boots it where thy foldier lies ?

Fond regret is folly ;

O'er the files why stray your eyes,

Weeping widow'd Polly ?

On the bridge thy Henry fell ;
 I may fall to-morrow ;
 His death became a soldier well ;
 Mourner, check thy sorrow.
 Ere night her sorrows sunk to rest,
 Pale grew the rose of beauty ;
 And cold the hand her soldier prest,
 When call'd at dawn on duty !

 CCCCX.

THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun the
 day,
 But glory remains when their lights fade away ;
 Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
 For the son of Alkmonoak shall never complain.
 Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
 And the scalps which we bore from your nation
 away ;
 When the flame rises fast---you'll exult in my
 pain.
 But the son of Alkmonoak shall never complain.
 I go to the land where my father is gone,
 His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son :
 Death comes like a friend, he relieves me from
 pain,
 And thy son, O Alkmonoak, has scorn'd to com-
 plain.

The NUNNERY. Pearce.

CCCCXI.

OBEDIENT to the active crew,
Swift thro' the tide the Cutter flew !
Each oar shot forth a gleam,
As from the blade the water fell !---
Then trembled o'er the tripping swell,
And kiss'd away the stream.

The Coxswain sung a chearing lay,
And cried at ev'ry pause, " give way"
They soon approach'd the land !
I saw the soldiers leap ashore !---
I heard the sailors loudly roar---
" Put off, boys, bear a hand !"

CCCCXII.

THE Soldier cries, " Here, take my hand,
" Let Beauty triumph o'er the brave !"
But short that pow'r---at War's command
He flies the fair, no more her slave.

Ev'n while he breathes the marriage vow,
Thus may he sing, nor mean a joke---
" The sacred laws to which I bow,
" Are rosy fetters, quickly broke !"

The

The tenant of a dungeon strong
 Did hours of freedom near him wait ;
 Would clinch his chain, to time his song,
 And dance to sounds, he else wou'd hate ;

CCCCXIII.

RELATE this story with a tear,
 As tho' a hapless Dove,
 Whose views of comfort thro' the year,
 Arose alone from love :
 Beheld upon a fatal hour,
 Her feather'd lover dead ;
 Meanwhile, the pleasures of her bow'r,
 To other regions fled ;---
 Say too, she sought a dark recess,
 And tun'd to grief her song ;---
 While Spring, array'd in chearful dress,
 Unheeded, past along !---
 That Winter came---but ah ! it found
 No guardian by her side ;
 And whilst a tempest whistled round,
 She dropt to earth, and died !

CCCCXIV.

THE Pilgrim, tho' with travel worn,
 When to some fav'rite altar bound,
 Each onward terror eyes with scorn,
 Nor heeds the perils lurking round.

As

As sacred treasure lures his feet,
 His bosom feels as blest a heat;
 A way as rude---as cheerless would he rove,
 Whose shrine is---Beauty : and religion---Love.

CCCCXV

THE Mag, like the Barrister, chatters aloud,
 Tells a story at random, and puzzles the crowd,
 His pied coat expresses a power to shew,
 That white is deep sable, and black driven snow,
 He hops---beats his wings---cries "Take care of
 poor Mag!"

And scarce leaves his credulous client a rag.

The Doctor is seen by his patient to fit,
 Shake his head, and foretell the return of his fit,
 Left mixtures should fail to determine his skill,
 The gloom of his aspect has science to kill.---
 Thus hovers the Raven, with terrible croak,
 Wherever red war bids a sacrifice smoke!

No Gownsmen, can better agree with a brother,
 Than Rooks in society, one with another.
 They build in the most lofty branches their nest,
 And the feathers of other birds soften their rest,
 From the tow'r of an abbey, now priest-like they
 caw,

'Tis to Pigeons they listen, pontifical law.

CCCCXVI.

CCCCXVI.

MY friend the honest Curate's dead ;
 His merry jokes the neighbour's tell :---
 The men all praise his learned head ;
 The women say---he knew things well.
 Brisk e'en to death, he call'd for wine,
 And when old crazy Time, alas :
 Shew'd his sand run, " I do repine,"
 He said, " to see---an empty glass !"

CCCCXVII.

THIS lock of dear Selina's hair,
 I do not without meaning wear ;
 Within the breast, on which 'tis shown,
 That little Empress keeps a throne !---
 So Ensigns on a Fort, declare
 The power, which holds possession there.

D U E T.

CCCCXVIII.

FORAGE. I LIKE that girl, with roguish leer,
 And lips as red a cherry :---
 O could I but approach her ear,
 I'd whisper something merry !

PETER.

You wou'd ?---O ho !---I guess your meaning,
 To wicked thoughts you're always leaning.
 Her love a diff'rent way I'd earn :---
 A word I wou'd not mutter ;
 In silent kisses she shou'd learn,
 Far more than tongue cou'd utter.

FORAGE.

Indeed!--- O ho!---I guess your meaning,
 'Tis well some tricks admit of screening!

The NOBLE PEASANT. *Holcroft.*

CCCCXIX.

COME, my good fellows, and quit the bower,
 The sun no longer seems to lour;
 Your arrows bring, your bows of yew,
 With silver tips and filken clue;
 And let the lusty bugle horn
 Tell of the death of deer forlorn;
 With fatal note resounding,
 What tho' he be swift and bounding.
 The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
 Shall tell the death of deer forlorn.

CCCCXX.

WHEN swallows lay their eggs in snow,
 And geese in wheat-ears build their nests;
 When roasted crabs a hunting go,
 And cats can laugh at gossips jests;
 When law and conscience are a-kin,
 And pigs are learnt by note to squeak;
 Your worship then shall stroke your chin,
 And teach an owl to whistle Greek.

Till

Till when let your wisdom be dumb ;
For say, man of Gotham,
What is this world ?
A tetotum ?
By the finger of folly twirl'd ;
With a hey-go-up, and about we come ;
While the sun a good post-horse is found,
So merrily we'll run round.

The PERUVIAN.

CCCCXXI.

NE'ER doubt my constancy, dear youth !
My willing heart is yours for ever ;
Thy love shall be repaid with truth,
For Girls are true, when Lads are clever.
No nymph is cold when merit sues,
The man of worth is lov'd for ever ;
Persuasion smiles whene'er he woos,
For Girls are kind, when lads are clever.
Of faithless wives the men complain,
At fickle maids they rail for ever,
The fault's at home---tho' men are vain ;
For Girls are true, when Lads are clever.

CCCCXXII.

POUNDS, shillings, pence and farthings, I
Have at my fingers end,
And how to sell, and how to buy,
To borrow, or to lend;
But this, since I felt birch at school,
My pate has run upon,
Addition be my golden rule,
Ah! Dot and carry one.

At loss and gain a scholar good,
Full early was I taught
To gain of guineas all I could
To lose the devil a groat.
At fractions and division when
Hard knocks were laying on,
Subtraction was my practice then,
Ha! Dot and carry one.

But words no more I'll numerate,
And thus Sum total lyes;
Of terms I'll not an acre bate,
Reduction I despise:
And since cockade and roguish eye
Miss Clara's heart has won,
If you're resolv'd to multiply,
Ha! Dot and carry one.

CCCCXXIII.

AS emblems of my lovely fair,
Her grace, her shape, her modest air,
I'd seek the blushing flowers ;
Her cheeks still purer tints disclose,
Than even shews the opening rose,
Freshen'd by Summer flowers.

Her looks so chasten'd by her fears,
She's more adorned in her tears,
Than plants in sparkling dew ;
But brighter sunshine shall she prove,
With tend'rest care I'll chear my love,
Fond as this bosom's true.

The POOR SOLDIER. O'Keeffe.

CCCCXXIV.

SLEEP on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear,
May peace possess thy breast ;
Yet dost thou dream thy true love's here,
Depriv'd of peace and rest.

The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,
Those joys are none to me :
Tho' sleep is fled, poor Dermott wakes]
To none but love and thee.

CCCCXXV.

DEAR Kathleen, you, no doubt,
Find sleep how very sweet 'tis ;
Dogs bark, and cocks have crowed out,
You never dream how late 'tis.
This morning gay,
I post away,
To have with you a bit of play ;
On two legs ride
Along, to bid
Good morrow to your night cap.

Last night a little bowfy,
With whiskey, ale, and cyder,
I ask'd young Betty Blowzy
To let me sit beside her.
Her anger rose,
As four as floes.
The little gipsy cock'd her nose ;
Yet here I've rid
Along, to bid
Good morrow to your night cap.

CCCCXXVI.

SINCE love is the plan,
I'll love if I can ;
But first let me tell you what sort of a man :

In

In address how compleat,
 And in dress spruce and neat ;
 No matter how tall, so he's over five feet :
 Not dull nor too witty,
 His eyes I'll think pretty,
 If sparkling with pleasure whenever we meet.

Tho' gentle he be,
 His man he shall see ;
 Yet never be conquer'd by any but me.
 In a song bear a bob ;
 In a glass hob or knob ;
 Yet drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob.
 'This is a fancy,
 If such a man can see,
 I'm his, if he's mine, until then I'm free.

CCCCXXVII.

KATH. OUT of my fight, or I'll box your ears.

DARB. I'll fit you soon for your jibes and jeers.

KATH. I'll cock my cap at a smart young man.

DARB. Another I'll wed this day if I can.

KATH. In courtship funny,

DARB. Sweet as honey,

KATH. You drone.

DARB. No, Kate, I'm your humble bee.

KATH. Go, dance your dogs, with your fiddle de-
 dee,

For a sprightly lad is the man for me.

BOTH. Go dance your dogs, &c.

DARB. You'll ne'er meet such a kind soul as me.

KATH.

KATH. Like sweet milk turn'd, now to me seems
love.

DARB. The fragrant rose does a nettle prove.

KATH. Sour curds I taste, tho' sweet cream I chose,

DARB. And with a flower I sting my nose.

In courtship, &c.

CCCCXXVIII.

THE twins of Latona, so kind to my boon,
Arise to partake of the chace;
And Sol lend a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,
And a smile to the smiles of her face.
For the sport I delight in, the bright Queen of
Love

With myrtles my brows shall adorn,
While Pan breaks his chaunter, and skulks in the
Grove,

Excell'd by the sound of the horn.
The dogs are uncoupl'd, and sweet is their cry:
Yet sweeter the notes of sweet Echo's reply,
Hark forward, hark forward, the game is in view,
But love is the game that I wish to pursue.

The stag from his chamber of woodbine peeps out,
His sentence he hears in the gale;
Yet flies, till entangled in fear and in doubt,
His courage and constancy fail.
Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the fray,
Despair taking place of his fear;
With antlers erected, a while stands at bay,
Then surrenders his life with a tear.

The dogs are, &c.

CCCCXXIX.

CCCCXXIX.

THE meadow looks chearful, the birds sweetly
sing,
So gaily they carol the praises of spring;
Tho' nature rejoices; poor Norah shall mourn
Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

Ye lasses of Dublin, oh, hide your gay charms!
Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms.
Tho' fattins and ribbons, and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with such feeling as mine.

CCCCXXX.

HOW happy the soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day;
Yet fears neither justices, warrants, or bums,
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums,
With a row-de-row, &c.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,
His king finds him quarters, and money, and cloaths,
He laughs at all sorrow, whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of the drums.
With a row-de-row, &c.

The

The drum is his glory, his joy, and delight,
 It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight :
 No girl when she hears it, though ever so glum,
 But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum.
 With a row-de-row, &c.

CCCCXXXI.

THE wealthy fool with gold in store,
 Will still desire to grow richer ?
 Give me but health, I ask no more
 My little girl, my friend and pitcher,
 My friend so rare,
 My girl so fair ;
 With such, what mortal can be richer ;
 Give me but these, a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
 Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
 I know not what can thus bewitch her ;
 With all my heart can I be poor,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.

CCCCXXXII.

THO' late I was plump round and jolly,
 I now am as thin as a rod ;
 Oh! love is the cause of my folly,
 I soon shall lie under a sod,
 Sing natherum doodle, nagetty, tragedy, rum,
 My didtherum boodle, figetty, nigetty mum.

Dear

Dear Kathleen then, why did you flout me,
 A lad that's so cosie and warm,
 With every thing handsome about me,
 My cabin and snug little farm.
 Sing natherum doodle, &c.

What tho' I have scrap'd up no money,
 No duns at my chamber attend :
 On Sunday I ride on my poney,
 And still have a bit to a friend.
 Sing natherum doodle, &c.

The cock courts his hens all around me,
 The sparrow, the pigeon, and dove,
 Oh! how all this courting confounds me,
 When I look, and I think on my love.
 Sing natherum doodle, &c.

CCCCXXXIII.

THO' Leixlip is proud of its close shady bow'rs,
 Its clear falling waters and murmuring cascades,
 Its groves of fine myrtle, its beds of sweet flow'rs,
 Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty maids :
 As each his own village must still make the most of,
 In praise of dear Carton, I hope I'm not wrong ;
 Dear Carton! containing what kingdoms may
 boast of
 'Tis Norah, dear Norah! the theme of my song.

Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice boots
on,

Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare?
Or dance at a ball with their Sunday new suits on,
Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves, and their nice
powder'd hair,

Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean humble station,
For gold or for acres he never shall long;
One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a nation.
From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song,

CCCCXXXIV.

DEAR Sir, this brown jug, that now foams with
mild ale,

Out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of the
vale.

Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul,
As 'ere crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl:
In boozing about, 'twas his praise to excel,
And amongst jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its cover so snug,
And with part of old Toby he form'd the brown
jug.

Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the vale.

CCCCXXXV.

CCCCXXXV.

YOU know I'm your priest, and your conscience
is mine:

But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good sign,
So leave off your racking and marry a wife,
And then my dear Darby your settled for life.

Sing Ballynamona, Oro,
A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being published, to chapel we go,
The bride and bridegroom in coats white as snow;
So modest her attire, and so sheepish your look,
You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.

Sing Ballynamona, &c.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,
He blushes at love, and she whispers obey,
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.

Sing, &c.

That snug little guinea for me.

The neighbours with joy to the bridegroom and
bride,

The pipers before us march side by side.
A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face:
The piper plays up, myself I say grace.

Sing, &c,

A good wedding dinner for me.

The joke now goes round, and the stocking is
thrown,

The curtains are drawn, and you're both left alone;

'Tis then my good boy I believe you at home,

And hey for a christ'ning at nine month's to come.

Sing, &c.

A good merry christ'ning for me.

CCCCXXXVI.

SINCE Kathleen has prov'd so untrue,

Poor Darby! ah, what can you do?

No longer I'll stay here a clown,

But sell off and gallop to town:

I'll dress, and I'll strut with an air,

The barber shall frizzle my hair.

In town I'll cut a great dash

But how for to compass the cash

At gaming, perhaps I may win;

With cards I can take the flats in,

Or trundle false dice, and they're nick'd,

If found out, I shall only be kick'd.

But first for to get a great name,

A duel established my fame;

To my man then a challenge I'll write;

But first I'll be sure he won't fight.

We'll swear not to part till we fall,

Then shoot without powder, and the devil a
ball.

The PADLOCK. Bickersstaff.

CCCCXXXVII.

THOUGHTS to council——let me see——
Hum —— to be, or not to be,
A husband, is the question.
A cuckold ! must that follow ?
Say what men will,
Wedlock's a pill
Bitter to swallow,
And hard of digestion.
But fear makes the danger seem double,
Say, Hymen, what mischief can trouble
My peace, should I venture to try you ?
My doors shall be lock'd,
My windows be block'd ;
No male in my house,
Not so much as a mouse ;
Then horns, horns, I defy you.

CCCCXXXVIII.

I know the world, Sir, tho' I say't:
I'm cautious and wise;
And they who surprise
My prudence nodding,
Must sit up late.
Never fear, Sir,
Your safety's here, Sir,
Yes, yes,
I'll answer for Miss:
Let me alone,
I warrant my care
Shall weigh to a hair
As much as your own.

CCCCXXXIX.

SAY, little foolish, flutt'ring thing,
Whither, ah! whither would you wing
Your airy flight?
Stay here and sing,
Your mistress to delight.
No, no, no,
Sweet Robin, you shall not go:
Where, you wanton, could you be,
Half so happy as with with me.

CCCCXL.

CCCCXL.

BY some I am told,
 That I'm wrinkled and old;
 But I will not believe what they say:
 I feel my blood mounting,
 Like streams in a fountain,
 That merrily sparkle and play.
 For love I have will
 And ability still;
 Odsbobs, I can scarcely refrain!
 My diamond, my pearl---
 Well, be a good girl,
 Until I come to you again.

CCCCLXI.

WAS I a shepherd's maid, to keep
 On yonder plains a flock of sheep:
 Well pleased I'd watch the live-long day,
 My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.
 Or would some bird that pity brings,
 But for a moment lend its wings,
 My parents then might rave and scold,
 My guardian strive my will to hold.
 Their words are harsh, his walls are high;
 But spite of all, away I'd fly.

CCCCXLII.

HITHER, Venus, with your doves;
Hither, all ye little loves,
Round me light your wings display,
And bear a lover on his way:
Oh, could I but, like Jove of old,
Transform myself to show'ry gold;
Or in a swan my passion shroud,
Or wrap it in an orient cloud;
What locks, what bars, should then impede,
Or keep me from my charming maid!

CCCCXLIII.

DEAR heart, what a terrible life am I led!
A dog has a better, that's shelter'd and fed;
Night and day 'tis de fame,
My pain is dere game;
Me wish to de Lord me was dead.
Whate'er's to be done,
Poor black must run:
Mungo here, Mungo dere,
Mungo every where;
Above and below,
Sirrah, come, sirrah, go;
Do so, and do so.
Oh! oh!
Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

CCCCXLIV.

CCCCXLIV.

LEAND. O THOU whose charms enslave my
heart ;

In pity hear a youth complain.

LEON. I must not hear---dear youth, depart---

I'm certain I have no desert

A gentleman like you to gain.

LEAND. Then do I seek your love in vain?

LEON. It is another's right :

LEAND. ----- And he,

Distracting thought ! must happy be,

While I am doom'd to pain.

URS. Come round, young man, I've been to try

MUN. And so have I.

I'm sure the wall is not too high.

If you please,

You'll mount with ease.

LEAND. Can you to aid my bliss deny?

Shall it be so?

If you say no,

I will not go.

LEON. I must consent, however loth:

But, whenever we desire,

Make him promise to retire.

URS. Nay, marry, he shall take his oath.

LEAND.

- LEAND.** By your eyes, of heavenly blue;
 By your lips, ambrosial dew;
 Your cheeks, where rose and lily blend;
 Your voice, the music of the spheres---
- MUN.** Lord o'mercy how he swears!
 He makes my hairs
 All stand an end!
- URS.** Come, that's enough; ascend, ascend.
 Let's be happy while we may;
 Now the old one's far away,
 Laugh, and sing, and dance, and play;
 Harmless pleasure why delay?

 CCCCXLV.

LET me, when my heart a sinking,
 Hear de sweet guittar a clinking;
 When a string speak,
 Such moosic he make,
 Me soon am cur'd of tinkling.
 Wid de toot, toot, toot,
 Of a merry flute,
 And cymbalo
 And tymbalo
 To boot:
 We dance and we sing,
 Till we make a house ring,
 And tied in his garters old Massa may swing.

CCCCXLVI.

CCCCXLVI.

IN vain you bid your captive live,
While you the means of life deny ;
Give me your smiles, your wishes give
To him who must without you die.
Shut from the sun's enlivening beam,
Bid flow'rs retain their scent and hue ;
Its source dry'd up, bid flow the stream,
And me exist, depriv'd of you.

CCCCXLVII.

OH me, oh me, what shall we do ?
The fault is all along of you :
You brought him in, why did you so ?
'Twas not by my desire, you know.
We have but too much cause to fear :
My guardian, when he comes to hear
We've had a man with us, will kill
Me, you, and all ; indeed he will.
No penitence will pard'n procure,
He'll kill us ev'ry soul, I'm sure.

CCCCXLVIII.

OH, wherefore this terrible flurry ?
My spirits are all in a hurry !
And above and below,
From my top to my toe,

Are

Are running about hurry scurry.
 My heart in my bosom a bumping,
 Goes thumping,
 And jumping :
 And thumping :
 Is't a spectre I see ?
 Hence vanish---Ah me !
 My senses deceive me ;
 Soon reason will leave me ;
 What a wretch am I destin'd to be !

 CCCCXLIX.

- LEAND. **T**HEN must I go !
 LEON. Yes, good sir, yes.
 LEAND. A parting kiss !
 LEON. No, good sir, no.
 LEAND. It must be so.
 By this, and this,
 Here I could for ever grow.
 'Tis more than mortal bliss.
 LEON. Well, now, good night ;
 Pray, ease your fright ;
 You're very bold, sir ;
 Let loose your hold, sir ;
 I think you want to scare me quite.
 LEAND. Oh fortune's spight !
 Good night, good night.

Hark !

Hark ! the neighb'ring convent's bell
 Tolls the vesper hours to tell ;
 The clock now chimes ;
 A thousand times,
 A thousand times farewell.

CCCCCL.

DIEGO.

GO forge me fetters that shall bind
 The rage of the tempestuous wind ;
 Sound with a needleful of thread
 The depth of Ocean's steepy bed ;
 Snap like a twig the oak's tough tree ;
 Quench *Ætna* with a cup of tea ;
 In these manœuvres shew your skill,
 Then hold a woman if you will.

URS. Permit me to put in a word ;
 My master here is quite absurd.
 That men should rule our sex is meet ;
 But art, not force, must do the feat.
 Remember what the fable says, ||
 Where the sun's warm and melting rays
 Soon bring about what wind and rain,
 With all their fust attempt in vain.

MUN. And, *Massa*, be not angry, pray,
 If *Neger* man a word should say ;
 Me have a fable pat as she,
 Which wid dis matter will agree :

An

An owl once took it in his head,
Wid some young pretty bird to wed ;
But when his worship came to woo,
He could get none but de cuckoo.

LEON. Ye youth select, who wish to taste
The joys of wedlock pure and chaste,
Ne'er let the mistress and the friend
An abject slave and tyrant end.
While each with tender passion burns,
Ascend the throne of rule by turns ;
And place (to love, to virtue just)
Security in mutual trust.

LEAN. To sum up all you now have heard,
Young men and old peruse the bard :
A female trusted to your care,
(His rule is pithy, short, and clear)
Be to her faults a little blind ;
Be to her virtues very kind ;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your padlock on her mind.

POLLY.

P O L L Y.---Gay.

CCCCLI.

PATRIOTS at first aloud declare
Old England's honour they'll pursue;
Each sells himself at last, and swears
Int'rest alone was all his view.
All the world thro', there's no denying,
Profit attends on fraud and lying;
Ev'ry man, liberty! property! crying,
Nobody, nobody's true.

CCCCCLII.

CCHEER up, my lads, let us push on the fray,
For battles like women are lost by delay,
Let us seize victory while in our power;
Alike war and love have their critical hour.
Our hearts bold and steady
Should always be ready;
So, think war a widow, a kingdom the dower.

C c

CCCCCLIII.

CCCCLIII.

WHEN gold is in hand,
It gives us command ;
It makes us lov'd and respected.
'Tis now, as of yore,
Wit and sense, when poor,
Are scorn'd, o'erlook'd, and neglected.
'Tho peevish and old,
If women have gold,
They have youth, good-humour, and beauty :
Among all mankind,
Without it we find
Nor love, nor favour, nor duty.

CCCCLIV,

THE turtle thus upon the spray,
In murmurs moans his mate :
Dreads the sad cause that makes her stray,
The gun or net her fate.
O bring me, bring me back my friend!
My bosom throbs with fear,
My life and sorrow soon will end,
Unless he soon appear.

PEEPING

PEEPING TOM. O'Keeffe,

CCCCLV.

GLITTERING trisler, sport of fashion,
Gaudy insect ever ranging ;
For some other feign a passion,
Free me in thy fancy changing.

Love ne'er blooms where men are wanting,
Then how vain tyrannic power :
Is the soil unkind for planting,
Who can raise the blooming flower ?

Self enamour'd-swain all fighting,
Gazing tender admiration :
In our eyes their image eyeing,
There they pay their adoration.

True love, sure I will believe you,
While you love yourself so dearly ;
If I hate, I don't deceive you,
Yet I fear I love sincerely.

C c 2

CCCCLVI.

CCCCLVI.

MAYOR.

THE deuce a one but you, pretty Maud,
I love indeed 'tis true, pretty Maud,
One kiss, nay prithee hush,

MAUD.

I vow you made me blush ;

MAYOR.

Like a rose bud in a bush, pretty Maud.

MAUD,

Do let me go away, Mr. Mayor.

What will the people say, Mr. Mayor,

MAYOR.

Let them prattle as they will,

Of love I'll have my fill,

Like a dove I'll coo and bill ;

MAUD.

You shall not coo and bill, Mr. Mayor.

MAYOR,

Pretty Maud, pretty Maud,

By all that's great and grand, pretty Maud ;

Golden chain, and lilly wand, pretty Maud,

MAUD.

'Tis all of little use,

Chain and wand I must refuse,

For the needle, thimble, goose,

Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor.

CCCCLVII.

CCCCLVII.

TOM. MERRY are the bells,
And merry do they ring,

CRA. Merry was myself, and merry cou'd I sing.

CHO. Merry is your ding-dong happy gay and
free,

Merry with a sing song, merry let us be.

MAY. Waddle goes your gait,

TOM. Hallow are your hose,

MAY. Noddle goes your pate,

TOM. And purple is your nose.

CHO. Merry is your ding-dong, happy gay and
free,

And with a merry sing song, merry let us be.

CCCCLVIII.

EGAD we had a glorious feast,
So good in kind, so nicely drest,
Our liquor too was of the best---I'll tell you,
One leg of mutton, two fat geese,
With beans and bacon, ducks and pease,
In short we'd every thing to please---the belly.

The clock struck twelve in merry chime,
The priest said grace in Saxon rhyme,
Says I, to me this is no time---for playing,
The room was full when I came in,
But soon I napkin'd up my chin,
With knife and fork I now begin---to lay in.

The Curate who at such a rate,
 Of dues and tithe pigs us'd to prate,
 In silence sat behind his plate---a peeping.
 Most church-men like the vicar, too,
 A shepherd to his flock below,
 Like any wolf, good mutton new---was deep in.

We nodded health, for no one spoke,
 The cloth roll'd off, we crack'd a joke,
 And drunk the king, and sung and smok'd---tobacco.
 Our reck'ning out, they call a whip,
 I steals my hat, and home I trip,
 My pretty Maud your velvet lip---to smack-o.

 CCCCLIX.

YOUR worship your wings may clap,
 And think yourself the great city cock ;
 You'll never my Maud entrap,
 For she's the hen of a pretty cock.
 Ha' done with your winks, and your leers,
 For Tom's a taylor that's knowing, fir,
 I'll trim you myself with my shears,
 And then you'll ha' done with your crowing, fir.
 Your worship your wings, &c.

My wife is a white-legged fowl,
 Can bill like a thrush, or a dove in a tree ;
 But never will pair with an owl,
 My worshipful Mayor of Coventry.
 Your worship your wings, &c.

CCCCLX.

CCCCCLX.

WHEN I was a younker, and liv'd with my dad,
 The neighbours all thought me a smart little lad;
 My mammy she call'd me a white-headed boy,
 Because with the lasses I liked to toy.
 There was Ciss, Priss, Letty and Betty, and Doll,
 With Meg, Peg, Jenny, and Winney, and Moll,
 I flatter'd their chatter so sprightly and gay,
 I rumble 'em, tumble 'em, that's my way.

One fine frosty morning, a going to school,
 Young Moggy I met, and she call'd me fool;
 Her mouth was my primer; a lesson I took;
 I swore it was pretty, and I kissed the book;
 But school, fool, primmer and trimmer and birch,
 And boys for the girls I have left in the lurch.
 I flatter'd, &c.

It's very well known I can dance a good jig,
 And at cudgels from Robin I won a fat pig;
 I can wrestle a fall, and the bar I can sling;
 And when o'er a flaggon can sweetly sing:
 But pig, jig, wicket and cricket and ball,
 I'd give up to wrestle with Moggy a fall.
 I flatter'd, &c.

The QUAKER---Dibdin

CCCCLXI.

I LOCK'D up all my treasure,
 I journey'd many a mile,
 And by my grief did measure
 The passing time the while.

My business done and over,
 I hasten'd back amain,
 Like an expecting lover,
 To view it once again.

But this delight was stifled,
 As it began to dawn,
 I found the casket rifled,
 And all my treasure gone.

CCCCLXII

WOMEN are Will-o'the Whisps 'tis plain,
 The closer they seem still the more they retire;
 They tease you, and jade you,
 And round about lead you,
 Without hopes of shelter,
 Ding-dong, helter-skelter,
 Thro' water and fire:

And

And when you believe every danger and pain
 From your heart you may banish,
 And you're near the possession of what you desire,
 That instant they vanish,
 And the devil a bit can you catch them again.
 By some they're not badly compar'd to the sea,
 Which is calm and tempestuous within the same
 hour ;
 Some say they are Syrens, but take it from me,
 They're a sweet race of angels, o'er man that
 have power,
 His person, his heart, nay his reason to seize,
 And lead the poor creature wherever they please.

CCCC LXIII.

WHILE the lads of the village shall merrily, ah!
 Sound the tabors, I'll hand the along,
 And I say unto thee, that verily, ah!
 Thou and I will be first in the throng.
 While the lads, &c.
 Just then when the swain who last year won the
 dower,
 With his mates shall the sports have begun,
 When the gay voice of gladness resounds from
 each bow'r,
 And thou long'st in thy heart to make one:
 Whilst the lads, &c.

Those

Those joys which are harmless, what mortal can
blame ?

'Tis my maxim, that youth should be free;
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the
same,

Believe me, thou'lt presently see.

While the lads, &c.

CCCCLXIV.

I SAID to myself, now, Floretta, says I,
Supposing the case was your own;
Would you not be the first ev'ry method to try,
To get rid of this canting old drone.
You well know you wou'd, and you're worse than
a Turk,

If one minute you hesitate whether
In justice you should not your wits set to work,
To bring Lubin and Gillian together,

To be certain, old Formal will frown and look
blue,

Call you baggage, deceitful bold-face,
With all manner of names he can lay his tongue to
And perhaps turn you out of your place.

What of that ? Let him frown, let him spit all his
spite,

Your heart still as light as a feather,
With truth shall assure you 'tis but doing right,
To bring Gillian and Lubin together.

CCCCLXV.

CCCCLXV.

THE captive linnet newly taken,
Vainly strives and vents its rage;
With struggling pants, by hopes forsaken,
And flutters in its golden cage.
But once releas'd, to freedom soaring,
Quickly on some neighbouring tree,
It sings, as if its thanks 'twere pouring,
To bless the hand that set it free.

CCCCLXVI.

THE face which frequently displays
An index of the mind,
Dame Nature has her various ways
To stamp on human kind.
Purs'd brows denote the purse-proud man,
Intent on some new scheme;
Clos'd eyes the politician.
For ever in a dream.
But features of ingenuous kind,
Which semblance bear of truth,
Display, methinks, in face and mind
The portrait of this youth.

CCCCLXVII.

CCCCLXVII.

WITH respect, Sir, to you be it spoken,
So well do I like your advice,
He shall have it, and by the same token,
I don't much intend to be nice.

There's something so comical in it,
I ne'er was so tickled by half;
And was I to die the next minute.
I verily believe I should laugh.

Affairs happen better and better,
Your worship; but mind the old put,
When first he looks over the letter,
I say, what a figure he'll cut.

There's something, &c.

CCCCLXVIII

IN verity, damsel, thou surely wilt find,
That my manners are simple and plain;
That my words and my actions, my lips and my
mind,

By my own good-will never are twain.

I love thee—umph!

Would move thee---umph!

Of love to be partaker.

Relent then---umph!

Consent then---umph!

And take thy upright Quaker.

Tho'

Tho' vain I am not, nor of foppery possess'd,
 Wouldst thou yield to be wedded to me,
 Thou shouldst find, gentle damsel, a heart in my
 breast
 As joyful as joyful can be.
 I love thee, &c.

CCCCLXIX

AGAIN I feel my bosom bound,
 My heart sits lightly on its seat;
 My griefs are all in rapture drown'd,
 In every pulse new pleasure beat.
 Upon my troubled mind at last,
 Kind fate has pour'd a friendly balm;
 So after dreadful perils past,
 At length succeeds a smiling calm.

R O S I N A---*Mrs. Brooke.*

CCCCLXX.

WHEN the rosy morn appearing
 Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
 Bees, on banks of thyme disporting,
 Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn,

D d Warbli

Warbling birds, the day proclaiming,
 Carol sweet the lively strain;
 They forsake their leafy dwelling,
 To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner,
 Take the scatter'd ears that fall!
 Nature, all her children viewing,
 Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

CCCCLXXI.

WHEN William at eve meets me down at the
 stile,

How sweet is the nightingale's song!
 Of the day I forget all the labour and toil,
 Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

By her beams, without blushing, I hear him com-
 plain,

And believe every word of his song:
 You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain,
 Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

CCCCLXXII.

HER mouth, which a smile,
 Devoid of all guile,

Half opens to view,
 Is the bud of the rose,
 In the morning that blows,
 Impearl'd with the dew.

More

More fragrant her breath
 Than the flower-scented heath
 At the dawning of day;
 The hawthorn in bloom,
 The lily's perfume,
 Or the blossoms of May.

CCCCLXXIII.

BY dawn to the downs we repair,
 With bosoms right jocund and gay,
 And gain more than pheasant or hare--
 Gain health by the sports of the day.
 Mark! mark! to the right hand, prepare---
 See, Diana! she points! see, they rise---
 See, they float on the bosom of air!
 Fire away! whilst loud echo replies
 Fire away.

Hark! the volley resounds to the skies!
 Whilst echo in thunder replies!
 In thunder replies,
 And resounds to the skies,
 Fire away! Fire away! Fire away.

D U E T.

CCCCLXXIV.

WILLIAM.

I'VE kiss'd and I've prattled to fifty fair maids,
And chang'd 'em as oft d'ye see!
But of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,
The maid of the mill for me.

PHOEBE.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
And call'd me the fairest she;
But of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.

WILLIAM.

Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge.
Her face like the blossoms in May;
Her teeth are as white as the new-shorn flock,
Her breath like the new-made hay.

PHOEBE.

He's tall, and he's strait as the poplar tree,
His cheeks are as fresh as the rose;
He looks likes a 'squire of high degree
When dress'd in his Sunday cloaths.

PHOEBE.

There's fifty young men, &c.

WILLIAM.

I've kiss'd and I've prattled, &c.

CCCCLXXV.

CCCCLXXV.

WHEN bidden to the wake or fair,
 The joy of each free-hearted swain,
 'Till Phoebe promis'd to be there,
 I loiter'd, last of all the train.

If chance some fairing caught her eye,
 The ribbon gay or filken glove,
 With eager haste I ran to buy;
 For what is gold compar'd to love?

My posy on her bosom plac'd
 Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale!
 Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,
 And flutter'd in the wanton gale.

With scorn she hears me now complain,
 Nor can my rustic presents move:
 Her heart prefers a richer swain,
 And gold, alas! has banish'd love.

CCCCLXXVI.

ERE bright Rosina met my eyes,
 How peaceful pass'd the joyous day!
 In rural sports I gain'd the prize,
 Each virgin listen'd to my lay.

But now no more I touch the lyre,
 No more the rustic sport can please;
 I live the slave of fond desire,
 Lost to myself, to mirth, and ease.

The tree that in a happier hour,
 It's boughs extended o'er the plain,
 When blasted by the lightning's power,
 Nor charms the eye, nor shades the swain.

CCCCCLXXVII.

How blest, my fair, who on thy face
 Uncheck'd by fear, may fondly gaze!
 Who, when he breathes the tender sigh,
 Beholds no anger in thine eye!

Ah, then, what joys await the swain,
 Who ardent pleads, nor pleads in vain;
 Whose voice with rapture all divine,
 Secure may say, "This heart is mine!"

The ROMP. Bickerstaff.

CCCCCLXXVIII.

YE maidens all, come listen to my ditty,
 And ponder well the words which I shall say,
 A damsel once there dwelt in London city,
 Whose tender heart a young man stole away.

Her

Her guardian cros, would fain have made
marry

A grocer's 'prentice living in cheapside;
But he with her his point could never carry,
For sooner than consent she would have died.

Ye maidens, by this damsel take example,
And never fickle nor false-hearted prove,
Nor let old folks on your affection trample,
For what's the world, compar'd to one's true
love.

CCCCCLXXIX.

PERHAPS he may take it in dudgeon:
So let him---the peevish curmudgeon:

Egad, if you mind me,
As stout you shall find me,
As he is bluff,

The captain has won my heart,
And who shall my humour thwart;

I like him and love him;
And since I approve him,

I'll have him, and that's enough.

I'm sick when I think of your brother,
And was there on earth ne'er another,

He should not my mind subdue,
To wed him they may force me,
But then he'll soon divorce me,

For faith he shall sing cuckoo.
Perhaps he may, &c.

CCCCCLXXX.

YOU silly old ass,

To come to this pass :

At fifty your follies begin you :

Art mad, or in drink ?

For my part, I think

The devil himself is got in you.

And you, master fop,

Go stick to your shop,

And shew yourself handy and willing ;

Or else do you see,

Take this much from me,

I'll cut you both off with a shilling.

CCCCCLXXXI.

DEAR me, how I long to be married,

And in my coach to be carried ;

Beside me to see,

How charming 'twill be,

My husband and, may be,

A sweet little baby,

As pretty as he,

Already I hear

Its tongue in my ear :

Papa, papa !

Mama, mama,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

Oh !

Oh, gracious! what calling,
What stamping, what bawling,
When first I am mis'd by the clan!
Miss Molly will chatter.
Old Square Toes will clatter,
But catch me again if they can.
Dear me, how I long, &c.

RIVAL CANDIDATES. Rev. H. Batt Duley.

CCCCLXXXII.

SOFT Fancy thou truant to me,
My summons, oh, quickly obey!
Neglected by Byron and thee.
How heavily passes the day.
Thy charms I've mistaken for Love's
So artfully dost thou beguile,
Thy magic enliven the groves,
When he has forgotten to smile.

CCCCLXXXIII.

FIE! fie! filly man,
Your soft nonsense forego,
No heart you'll trepan
With your sighing---heigho!
For that's not the way a fond damsel to woo;

A truce

A truce to your whining,
Your sobbing, and pining ;
But pres her !
Carefs her !
The business is done, and she'll soon buckle too.

CCCCLXXXIV.

WHAT new curses spring up,
To replenish man's cup,
Tho' heaven in pity has borrow'd his wife !
His daughter will grieve him,
With plots to deceive him ;
But mine !---oh, I'll match her,
The first time I catch her
Attempt, a young jade, to embitter my life !

CCCCLXXXV.

LOVE unfetter'd is a blessing
Nature's commoners enjoy ;
Source of raptures past expressing,
Which no tyrant laws destroy.
Come ye songsters ! wing around me,
Tell me all ye know of love :
Watchful of your young you've found me ;
Hark ! they carol thro' the grove.
Love unfetter'd, &c.

CCCCLXXXVI.

CCCCLXXXVI.

SINCE his worship forsooth,
 Having lost his sweet tooth,
 Forbids you Love's feast
 Which no more he can taste,
 Be advis'd, and he'll find you a tartar!
 Talk of lovers to vex him:
 Intrigue to perplex him:---
 What give nature the lye?
 By my stars would not I!
 Though I dy'd the next moment her martyr.

CCCCLXXXVII.

THUS the midnight tempest raging
 Strikes the sailor with dismay,
 Furious winds, and waves engaging,
 Banish ev'ry hope of day!
 But at dawn, their wrath subsiding,
 Ocean wears a tranquil face;
 Joy, through every current gliding
 Calms his bosom into peace.

CCCCLXXXVIII.

HOW oft thro' this responsive grove
 Has softest echo told my tale!
 Whene'er she caught my note's of love,
 She gently bore them down the vale!

The

The scene renew'd, my wakeful breast
 Now joyful beats to love's alarms ;
 Ye pow'rs who pity the distress,
 Transport me to Narcissa's arms !

CCCCCLXXXIX.

FINE ladies may tell us
 They hate pretty fellows,
 Despise little Cupid---his quiver, and dart,
 But when love's only by,
 Not a prude will deny,
 That a man tho' a tyrant's the lord of her heart.
 So bewitching a creature !
 So noble each feature !
 My bosom commands me to take his dear part ;
 Then how can I conceal
 What my eyes will reveal ?---
 That he must, and he will be---the lord of my
 heart.

CCCCXC.

LADIES in vain,
 Why entertain,
 Hopes to bewitch us with loves artful wiles ?
 Cease to do so
 Since you all know,
 We have his patent for dimples and smiles.
 Gentler

Gentler beaux that pow'r possessing
 Yield no more to your alarms,
 Each his scented self caressing,
 Quite enamour'd with his charms!
 Pretty playthings all adieu!
 Now dissolve in am'rous sighs,
 We a softer clime pursue,
 Froze too long beneath your eyes.

 CCCCXCI.

NARCISSA.

ROSY archer come away!
 Give your train a holiday,
 Lay your bow and quiver by,
 Cease to wound,---and hither hie!
 Rosy archer, &c.

BYRON.

Hither bring the smiling graces,
 And the loves with cherub faces,
 Bid the valleys laugh and say,
 " Love has made a holiday !"
 Hither bring, &c.

SIR HARRY.

Lips of coral! eyes so pretty!
 Out of luck foregad was I:
 Tho' I'm chous'd, I'll join the ditty;---
 Down thou little rising sigh.

May Love's tender prittle-prattle
Keep the day for ever bright,
And no jealous tittle-tattle,
Mar the raptures of the night !
May Love's tender, &c.

JENNY.

Gentlefolks if you'll permit me
I've a word or two to say,
Tho' perhaps it may'nt besit me,
On my lady's wedding-day :
Gravest Don with eye of ferrit
Tho' he practise all his art,
Cannot break a woman's spirit,
Till he's strength to break her heart.
Gravest Don, with eye, &c.

GENERAL WORRY.

Brother Grey-beards short's my story,
Read your features in this glass,
Here's a convert now before ye
Metamorphos'd from an ass :
When a swain of merit woos her,
Make your girl a happy wife ;
Nature bids you not refuse her,
In the crisis of her life !
When a swain, &c.

ROBIN

ROBIN HOOD.---Macnally

CCCCXCII.

IN Sherwood's grove,
The sweets of love.
We'll taste and drink till we're mellow;
With dimpled smiles,
Sly winks and wiles,
Each lass will please her fellow.
Ranting,
Flanting,
Gay gallanting,
Such sports the like ne'er seen O!
Hey down derry, derry,
Merry maids and archers,
Tripping it on the green O.---

CCCCXCIII.

I MEND pottles and canns;
Hoop jugs, patch kettles and pans,
And over the country trudge it;
I sing without measure,
Nor fear loss of treasure,
And carry my all in my budget.

Here under the green-leav'd bushes,
 Oh how we'll firk it,
 Caper and jirk it,
 Singing as blithe as thrushes.

I'm not plagued with a wife,
 Live free from contest and strife,
 Blow high, blow low--- Ruttekin never
 minds it.

I eat when I'm hungry,
 Drink when I'm dry.
 Join pleasure wherever I find it.
 Here under the green-leav'd bushes,
 Oh how we'll firk it,
 Caper and jirk it,
 Singing as blithe as thrushes.

CCCCXIV.

YE powers who make virtue your care,
 O bend from your bowers above ; -
 Say, why should distrefs and despair
 Be the constant attendants on love?
 Should war with its wide spreading force,
 Of nations the scourge and the curse,
 To ten-fold its rage be encreas'd,
 The torments of lovers are worse.

Ye power's who make virtue your care,
 O bend from your bowers above;
 Say, why should distress and despair
 Be the constant attendants on love?

CCCCXCV.

THE stag through the Forest when rous'd by
 the horn,
 Sore frightened, high bounding, flies wretched,
 forlorn;
 Quick panting, heart bursting, the hounds now
 in view,
 Speed doubles, speed doubles, they eager pursue.
 But 'scaping' the hunters, again through the
 groves.
 Forgetting past evils, with freedom he roves,
 Not so in his soul, who from tyrant love flies,
 The shaft still remains, and despairing he dies.!

CCCCXCVI.

ITRAVERS'D Judah's barren sand,
 At beauty's altar to adore;
 But there the Turk had spoil'd the land,
 And Sion's daughters were no more.

In Greece the bold imperious mein,
 The wanton look, the leering eye,
 Bade Love's devotion not be seen,
 Where constancy is never nigh.

From thence to Italy's fair shore,
 I urg'd my never ceasing way,
 And to Loretta's temple bore
 A mind devoted still to pray.

But there too Superstition's hand
 Had sickly'd every feature o'er,
 And made me soon regain the land,
 Where beauty fills the western shore,

Where Hymen with celestial power
 Connubial transport doth adorn,
 Where purest virtue sports the hour,
 That ushers in each happy morn.

Ye daughters of old Albion's Isle,
 Where'er I go, where'er I stray,
 O, Charity's sweet children, smile,
 To cheer a Pilgrim on his way !

CCCCXCVII.

THE trump of fame your name has breath'd,
 Its praise has sounded far and near;
 Stout Little John, with laurel wreath'd,
 Hath reach'd each dame and damsel's ear.
 But 'tis not you; bold Robin Hood
 I come to seek with bended bow,

That

That man of might
 I fain would fight,
 And conquer with my oh, ho, oh!
 Through frost and snow,
 Though cold winds blow
 I never fail,
 In rain or hail,
 Though thunders roll
 From pole to pole,
 To conquer with my oh, ho, ho!
 With bended bow,
 The buck or doe,
 I never fail,
 Through rain or hail,
 Though thunders roll
 From pole to pole,
 To conquer with my oh, ho, ho!

CCCCXCVIII.

HER hair is like a golden clue,
 Drawn from Minerva's loom;
 Her lips carnations dropping dew,
 Her breath is a perfume.
 Her brow is like the mountain snow,
 Gilt by the morning beam:
 Her cheeks like living roses blow,
 Her eyes like azure stream.

Adieu

Adieu, my friend, be me forgot,
 And from thy mind defac'd;
 But may that happiness be thine,
 Which I can never taste.

CCCCXCIX.

BY dark grove, shade, or winding dell,
 We merry maids and archers dwell;
 In quiet here, from worldly strife,
 We pass a cheerful rural life:
 And by the moon's pale quivering beams,
 We frisk it near the chrystal streams.

Our station's on the king's high-way,
 We rob the rich the poor to pay:
 The woe-worn wretch we still protect,
 The widow, orphan ne'er neglect:
 Fat churchmen proud we cause to stand,
 And whistle for our steady band.

D.

I LOVE you, by Heaven, what can I say more;
 Then set not my passion a cooling;
 If thou yield'st not at once, I must e'en give thee
 o'er,
 For I'm but a novice at fooling.

What

What my love wants in words, it shall make up
in deeds,
Then why should we waste time in stuff, child ?
A performance, you know well, a promise exceeds
And a word to the wise is enough, child.

DI.

MARGARITTA first posselt,
I remember well my breast,
With her row dedow dow de dow dowerrow.

With my restless heart next play'd
Martha, buxom floe-ey'd maid,
With her tantarara row.

She to Katharine gave place ;
Kate, to Betsy's am'rous face,
With, &c.

Mary then, and gentle Ann,
Both to reign at once began,
With their, &c.

Jenny next, a tyrant she,
But Rebecca set me free,
With my, &c.

In a week from her I fled,
And took Judith in her stead,
With my, &c.

She possess'd a wond'rous grace,
But she wanted Susan's face,
With my, &c.

Ifabellas

Isabella's rolling eye,
Eclipsed Susan's presently,
With her, &c.

Brown-skinn'd Bess I next obey'd,
Then lov'd Nanny, red-hair'd maid,
With my, &c.

None could bind me, I am free,
Yet love all the fair I see,
With my tantarara row.

With my row de dow dow de dow dow
derrow,

Tantarara row.

DII.

WHEN generous wine expands the soul,
How pleasure hovers round the bowl!
Avaunt ye cares of Fancy's crew,
And give the guilty wretch his due:
But let the juice of sparkling wine
My grosser sense of love refine:
As Jove his nectar drinks above,
I'll quaff whole goblets full of love.
Then why shou'd I at life repine?
Bring me Venus, bring me Wine,
Fill the ever-flowing bowl,
In circles gay and pleasures roll.
Eyes open, ever free,
Hail, thou friend to jollity!
My brows with Bacchus' chaplets crown'd,
I'll live to love---my cares are drown'd.

DIII.

DIII.

AS burns the charger when he hears
 The trumpet's martial sound ;
 Eager to scour the field he rears,
 And spurns th' indented ground ;
 He snuffs the air, erects his flowing mane,
 Scents the big war, and sweeps along the plain.
 Impatient thus my ardent soul
 Bounds forth on wings of wind,
 And spurns the moments as they roll,
 With lagging pace behind.

DIV.

ONCE she was though now she's sad,
 As the springing season glad,
 E'er beheld in its domain ;
 Or fair Summer in her train :
 Or rich Autumn in his year :
 Sing she could as sky lark clear,
 E'er, alas ! with grief to tell,
 Into ways of shame she fell.
 Now her burthen's constantly,
 " Pity me, maids, pity me ;
 " Pity me, a ruin'd maid,
 " Pining in the cypress shade."

Woods that wave o'er mountain tops
 O'er whose moss the titmouse hops,
 Tell her tale to rustling gales,
 Fountains weep it through the vales;
 And, with her own sorrow faint,
 Sighing Echo joins the plaint
 Martha fair, for ever sad,
 Wanders melancholy mad,

And thus sings she bitterly :

“ Pity me, maids, pity me,

“ Pity me, a ruined maid,

“ Pining in the cypress shade.”

G L E E.

DV.

HARK! the leafy woods resounding
 Echo to the bugle horn;
 Swift the stag with vigour bounding,
 Leaps the break, and clears the thorn.
 Ev'ry heart his cunning trying,
 Shafts arrest his airy flight;
 High he leaps, the hounds full crying,
 Now he's vanish'd from our sight.
 Twanging bows with death pursuing,
 Now he rears and turns his head,
 Bays the dogs; but nought from ruin,
 Nought can save---he falls---he's dead.

Sound

Sound the horn, huzza in chorus,
 We are free from care, my boys ;
 Rural pleasures lie before us,
 Health, and length, and strength of joys.

DVI.

SINCE all my hopes, dear maid,
 Are blown to air,
 And my fond heart's betrayed
 To sad despair ;
 Here in this wilderness
 My sorrows I'll rehearse,
 And thy hard-heartedness,
 Thou cruel fair.

Wild fruits shall be my meat ;
 I'll drink the spring ;
 Cold earth shall be my seat ;
 For covering
 I'll have the starry sky
 My head to canopy,
 Until my soul on high
 Doth take her wing.

No bell, no fun'ral fire,
 No tears for me ;
 No grave do I desire,
 Nor obsequy.

The gentle red-breast, he
 With leaves will cover me,
 And sing my elegy
 Most dolefully.

DVII.

GENTLY burns the greenwood fire,
 Lay the venison down to roast ;
 Dress it quickly I desire,
 In the dripping put a toast :
 Hark ! I hear the jack go round ;
 O the venison's nicely brown'd !
 Green-geese, ducklings, juicy meat ;
 Capon, widgeon, partridge, quail ;
 Pies, tarts, dumplings, puddings sweet ;
 Peas and beans, and butter'd kale ;
 Spices hunger to create ;
 O ye Gods ! how I should eat !
 On the table dinner lies,
 See the charming white and red ;
 Cut it up, the gravy flies,
 On the sweetest grass it fed.
 Hark ! I hear the jack go round ;
 O the venison's nicely brown'd !
 See they spread the lily cloth,
 Knives are sharp and forks are clean ;
 Pickles crisp, and fallads both,
 Now appear so fresh and green ;
 With strong beer, old ale and wine,
 O, ye Gods ! how I should dine !

DVIII.

DVIII.

MY name is little Harry-O
Mary I will marry-O
In spite of Nell, or Ifabel,
I'll follow my own vagary-O.
With my rigdum jigdum airy-O,
I love little Mary-O,
In spite of Nell,
Or Ifabel,
I'll follow my own vagary-O.
Smart she is and bonny-O,
Sweet as sugar candy-O;
Fresh and gay,
As flow'rs in May,
And I'm her Jack-a-dandy-O.
With my, &c.
Soon to church I'll have her O,
Where we'll wed together-O;
And that, that done,
Then we'll have fun,
In spite of wind and weather-O.
With my rigdum jigdum airy-O,
I love little Mary-O;
In spite of Nell,
Or Ifabel,
I'll follow my own vagary-O.

DIX.

WE'LL to the bow'r of Robin Hood,
This is the wedding day ;
And merrily in blithe Sherwood,
Bridesmaids and bridesmen play.
Then follow me, my bonny lass
And we'll the pastimes see ;
For the minstrels sing,
And the sweet bells ring,
And they feast right merrily, merrily.

The humming beer flows round in pails,
With mead that's stout and old ;
And am'rous virgins tell love tales,
To thaw the heart that's cold.
Then follow, me, &c,

There dancing sprightly on the green,
Each light-foot lad and lass ;
Sly stealing kisses when unseen,
And jingling glafs with glafs.
Then follow, me, &c.

DX.

HARK ! the warbling choir sings,
Hark ! the azure welkin rings,
Hills with joy resound ;
Cowslips glad the laughing fields,
Fragrant thyme its odour yields,
Violets breathe around.

Elms

Elms their verdant honour spread,
 Dew-drops gild the mossy bed,
 Daifies bloom among;
 Soft and joyous through the skies,
 Thousand sprightly voices rise,
 Echo joins the song.

Blissful scenes soon pass away,
 Pride's the glimmer of a day,
 Flies on rapid wing;
 Learn to know, vain mortal man,
 Fleeting life is but a span,
 Emblem of the spring.

 DXI.

CHARMING Clorinda! ev'ry note
 You breathe these words among,
 Shall move my grateful tongue,
 Swelling my ardent throat,
 Homage devout to pay,
 Love harmonize the lay,
 And sooth her with the song!
 Should she, bewilder'd chance to stray,
 Ye songsters, near your grove,
 To her your notes belong;
 My soul its sense shall prove,
 My voice its powers display,
 Love harmonize the lay,
 And soothe her with the song!

DXII.

WHEN Spring has chac'd the Winter's snow,
And melting streams begin to flow ;
When sunbeams thaw the frost-bound soil,
And plowmen rise to morning toil,
My John then wanders o'er the fields,
And brings me all the season yields.

To me he sings the sweets of love,
As careless thro' the woods we rove ;
Then urges me to be his wife,
And vows he'll constant prove thro' life :
Then, Prudence, say, am I to blame
To own for John a mutual flame ?

RICHARD COEUR de LION.---Macnally.

DXIII.

I HAD a wife of my own,
Still with her tongue she chatter'd on ;
Never could let me alone,
Scamper'd, scolded, and clatter'd on ;
Blockhead, afs, cuckold, and drone,
With these soft words she flatter'd on ;
Not in my body a bone
But with her knuckles she batter'd on.

Kept

Kept me quite under her thumb,
 Toft my hat and wig about,
 If I faid nothing but mum;
 Toft my hat and wig about,
 Twirl'd me like a jig about,
 Making my body a drum;
 Trivally beating and jig about,
 I was obliged to go glum,
 Like an old grunting pig about.

DXIV.

OH, foft remembrance! airy flight,
 Thou fecond life of blifs and pain;
 Exquifite fense of keen delight,
 Who giv'ft our feeling back again,
 How bright thy downy flumbers are,
 Where love and tender fancy beams,
 The sweeteft notes which fleet the air,
 Awake at once thy fairy dreams.
 But Hope, too long deluded joins,
 No more with thine her lovely form;
 Nor copies from thy fainter lines,
 The fenes her ftrong ideas warm.

DXV.

I LOVE no lover but one,
 He loves no other but me,
 Willing to make me his own,
 I'm ready his own to be;

For he's a blade of spunk,
 Can sing Catch, Carrol, and Glee ;
 Not like the lazy hunk,
 This great booby.

By moon-light on the gay green,
 My maiden heart he first won :
 Each day at my door was he seen,
 Before the beams of the sun.
 For he's a blade, &c.

Then say, you looby, shall I
 Give up the man of my mind ;
 No, sooner, blockhead, I'd die,
 Than marry a clown unkind.
 My swain's a blade of spunk, &c.

DXVI.

FREEDOM, divine, ætherial flame,
 Who bid'st the vivid lightnings roll ;
 Mov'st to soft harps the sphery frame,
 And wakes to extacy the soul.

“ O parent, source of every good,
 “ Arrang'd thro' ev'ry nice degree :
 “ How few have rightly understood
 “ The laws of order fram'd by thee.”

For thee the Poet's strain shall flow,
 Inspirer of the vocal strings ;
 And Philomel forget her woe,
 To aid thee by whose aid she sings.

RICHARD

RICHARD COEUR de LION.---Burgeyne.

DXVII.

THE merry dance I dearly love,
For then Collette thy hand I seize,
And pres it too whene'er I please,
And none can see, and none reprove ;
Then on my cheek quick blushes glow,
And when we whisper soft and low,
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,
Yet still we are too young they say,
But we know better sure than they,
Youth should not listen to threescore ;
And I'm resolv'd to tell her so,
When next we whisper soft and low,
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

DXVIII.

OH, Richard! oh, my love!
By the faithless world forgot ;
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapless lot,

I alone

I alone of all remain
To unbind thy cruel chain,
By the faithless world forgot;
I whose bosom sunk in grief,
Least have strength to yield relief.

Delusive glory! faithless pow'r!
Thus the valiant you repay,
In disasters heavy hour,
Faithless friendship's far away.
Yet, royal youth,
One faithful heart,
From tenderest truth,
Tho' hopeless, never shall depart.

Oh, Richard! oh, my love!
By the faithless world forgot;
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapless lot.

DXIX.

Oh! wou'd the night my blushes hide,
The truth to thee I wou'd confide.
Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
When e'er his eyes I meet,
I feel my heart begins to beat,
It beats and trembles too.

But

But when my hand he gently presses,
 A struggling sigh I fear confesses,
 Ah! more than blushes could impart,
 And more than words betrays my heart.

Oh! wou'd the night my blushes hide,
 The truth to thee I wou'd confide.

Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
 When e'er his eyes I meet,
 I feel my heart begins to beat,
 It beats and trembles too.

DXX.

MATIL. **T**HE god of love a bandeau wears,
 Wou'd you know what it declares,
 And why his eyes are clouded;
 'Tis to shew us that his pow'r
 Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure,
 As when in darkness shrouded.

LAU. Good Sir, repeat that pretty strain,
 Pray again, again.
 A lesson kind it does impart,
 To guard against a lover's art.

MATIL. With all my heart.

The God of love a bandeau wears,
 Wou'd you know what it declares,
 And why his eyes are clouded;
 'Tis to shew you that his pow'r
 Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure,
 As when in darkness shrouded.

DXXI.

DXXI.

LET the Sultan Saladin,
Play the rake in Palestine,
While he claims his subjects duty,
He's himself a slave to beauty,
Wearing baser chains than they,
Well! well!

Every man must have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

CHO. But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

Cœur de Lion loves the wars,
Richard's joys is blows and scars;
Conquer'd Pagans fly before him,
Christian warriors all adore him,
Watching, marching night and day.
Well! well!

Every man must have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

CHO. But to my way of thinking, &c.

You too, pilgrims, love your trade,
You recruit the bold crusade,
Making zealots cross the ocean,
In a fit of fierce devotion;

Pilgrims

Pilgrims love to fast and pray,

Well! well!

Every man must have his way.

But to my poor way of thinking,

There's no joy like drinking.

CHO. But to my way of thinking, &c.

DXXII.

MATIL. ONE night in sickness lying,
A prey to grief and pain,
When aid of man was vain,
And hope and life were flying,
Then came my mistress to my bed,
And death, and pain, and sorrow fled.

RICH. The gentle tears soft falling
Of her whom I adore,
My tender hopes recalling,
Did life and love restore.

MATIL. A mighty king doth languish,
Within a prison's gloom!
Ah! could I share his doom,
Ah! could I soothe his anguish.

RICH. Could I but view Matilda's eyes,
Fortune, thy frowns I should despise.

MATIL. My gentle tears fast falling,
For him so long ador'd,
His tender hopes recalling,
Have love and life restored.

RICH. The gentle tears soft falling
Of her so long ador'd,
My tender hopes recalling,
Have love and life restor'd.

SUMMER AMUSEMENT. W. A. Miles.

DXXIII.

THE wand'ring failor ploughs the main,
A competence in life to gain ;
Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
To find at last content and ease ;
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native shore.

Then winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
And thunders shake from pole to pole ;
Tho' deathful waves surrounding foam,
Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home ;
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
The early scenes of youth renew ;
Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
This is the universal toast :

May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
Cast anchor on our native shore !"

DXXIV.

DXXIV.

Tune, Sweetest of pretty maids.

NEATEST of pretty feet, for dancing intended,
Accept of a partner who was always commended;
Slighting the finest dress, attentive to merit,
He likes only those that can jig about with spirit.

Take me, madam,
I so glad am,
That I'll cut a caper;
Stand first couple,
Make no scruple,
Strike up there, gut-scraper.

Turn about, turn about, that's right depend on't,
Hands a-crofs, back again, and now there's an
end on't.

If it still should be thought that we should encore
it,

Permit me to offer you lemonade before it;
Negus will make you hot, and wine is unsteady,
Your fan will now cool us both, speak when
you're ready.

Take me, madam, &c.

DXXV.

THOU'ST play'd a false, a faithless part,
Remorse will wait on thee, my love ;
Ambition hath seduc'd the heart
Which honour ow'd to me, my love.

The truest, tend'rest flame was mine ;
What have I felt for thee, my love !
The softest, fondest vows are thine :
What did'st thou swear to me, my love !

Tho' splendour deck thy nuptial bow'r,
Tho' pleasures round thee fly, my love !
Each joy that marks the playful hour
Shall labour with a sigh, my love.

And when the pensive moments come,
(For who from those are free, my love !)
Perhaps thou'lt mourn thy Melville's doom,
And lend a tear to me, my love.

DXXVI.

GO high, go low, in ev'ry state,
The sailor's heart is true :
In adverse, or in prosp'rous fate,
He joins the crew :
Then toiling early, watching late,
Defends his king and country's cause,
In hopes to be,
When come from sea,
Chear'd with applause.—

At

At home, when sports his welcome crown,
 His wife's the liveliest of the throng ;
 Or when care sinks his spirits down,
 Her endearing smile
 Rewards his toil,
 And greets him with his fav'rite song.
 Go high, go low, &c.

So when the nuptial knot is ty'd,
 Our friendship closer will cement ;
 Each morn' you'll hail my blooming bride ;
 And gladly share my heart's content.
 I'll grasp the hand which made her mine,
 To social scenes my hours resign,
 While all the wonted strain shall join.
 Go high, go low, &c.

 DXXVII.

SURAT.

COME, ye venal slaves of war,
 Boast your base alliance,
 Britain's thunder, heard from far,
 Boldly bids defiance.
 Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,
 True to antient story,
 Freedom's sons, on freedom's ground,
 Will find the road to glory.

LADY JUNIPER.

What tho' haughty Spain we find
Will no more dissemble,
All the House of Bourbon join'd
Shall not make us tremble.
Beat the drum, &c.

AMELIA.

Justice animates the fight,
Fame her trump will tender;
Conquest shall support our right,
And perfidy surrender.
Beat the drum, &c.

ETIQUETTE.

Let the light-heel'd troops of France
Come so sleek and taper,
We can teach them how to dance,
And make them cut a caper,
Bring the flutes, the fiddles bring,
Rear the filken banners,
Tho' we fight, we'll dance and sing,
And drub them with good manners.

DXXVIII.

WHEN a lady of ton is surprized in a snare,
Having fancied that nobody saw,
What helps her to carry it off with an air?
'Tis nought but the je ne sçai quoi.

When

When the fine men of fashion mistake in their
score,

And are forc'd for a time to withdraw,
Why are they receiv'd and carefs'd as before ?
Sans doute, for the je ne sçai quoi.

When we meet at assemblies, high frizzled and
curl'd,

When our nods and our winks give the law,
What makes us despise all the forms of the world ?
'Tis nought but the je ne sçai quoi.

DXXIX.

WITHOUT a man to take the lead,

What could a lady do ?

Nowalk in life would e'er succeed,

No step could e'er be true :

We point the dance that might perplex,

Look bright, invite,

Excite delight,

And comfort all the sex.

We ne'er, like some folks in the land,

Permit our friends to drop,

But take them gently by the hand,

And lead them to the top.

We posts and places find for all,

Now here, now there,

Now ev'ry where,

And still keep up the ball.

The SON-IN-LAW.-----O'Keeffe.

DXXX.

THO' sweetly breathes the smiling spring,
Tho' gentle rains the flowers bring,
And hawthorn buds so gay,
In vain descend refreshing show'rs,
In vain peeps forth the infant flow'rs,
My true love far away.

Tho' summer suns rejoice the swains,
Or yellow autumn blest the plains,
And sweetly-smelling hay;
Tho' all around be blythe and glad.
Cecilia's heart alone is sad,
Her true love far away.

DXXXI.

THIS face observe, discerning fair,
Observe each motion debonair!
My Artois buckles when you view,
In shining fable sattin shoe,
You'll say that I'm from top to toe
A monstrous handsome city beau.

My

My humble whisky I despise,
 Like Phaeton I mount the skies;
 And, as I drive away like mad,
 They all declare that I'm the lad;
 And cry—he's sure from top to toe,
 A monstrous handsome city beau.

 DXXXII.

WITH an air,
 Debonnair,
 I instruct the ladies,
 Charming, sweet, and pretty,
 Lovely, fair, and witty,
 Susan, Jane, or Kitty,
 I contrive to hit ye;
 Come away,
 All ye gay,
 For the dance my trade is;
 Charming, sweet, and pretty,
 Lovely, fair, and witty,
 Pr'ythee, come away!
 See, see, see,
 The dancers are met;
 What an elegant set!
 While in country dance,
 Or cotillion they prance,
 I regulate their pace.
 Ye youths, would you the secret know
 Why I'm carest where'er I go,
 With Kitt in hand I draw my bow,
 I squeeze the hand and point the toe,
 And slide into their grace.

The

The TWO MISERS.---O'Hara.

DXXXIII.

LET the novice depend on his luck,
 On his science the gambler profess ;
 What pigeon soever they pluck,
 With his plumes I shall feather my nest.
 They fling, they ding,
 They swear, they tear,
 While snug I look on, and sit still :
 For well I trow,
 Blow high, blow low,
 Each puff will bring grist to my mill.

DXXXIV.Tune, *Langolee.*

HASTE, let us fly from a land of oppression,
 Where beauty is led like a pig in a string ;
 A heart that's divided, to share in succession,
 My mind (too exalted) I never can bring,
 A bird in hand's, an old expression,
 That two in the bush is not one in possession ;
 A We'll bring the proud infidels to a confession,
 That women have souls as well as the men.
 Quick then, away to an island of pleasure,
 Where each happy female may do as they please,
 Where liberty's reckon'd the choicest of treasure,
 Then fly, and the kind opportunity seize.

The

The bird in hand's an old expression,
 That two in the bush is not one in possession;
 We'll bring the proud infidels to a confession,
 That women have souls as well as the men.

The VIRGIN UNMASKED. Fielding.

DXXXV.

AS I was a walking one morning in May,
 I heard a young damsel to sigh and to say,
 My true love has left me, 'twas but yesterday
 He took his leave of me, and so went away.

The very next time that I did him see,
 He vowed to be constant, be constant to me :
 I ask'd him his name, and he made this reply,
 It is T, I, M, O, T, H, Y.

Says he, if you'll wed me, pray tell me your mind,
 A husband I'll make you both loving and kind ;
 And now to the church, my dear, let us repair,
 Ne'er mind your F, A, T, H, E, R.

My father's possess'd of nine hundred a year,
 And I am his daughter and only heir ;
 Not a farthing of fortune he'll give me, I fear,
 If I marry with Y, O, U, my dear.

They

They went to the church, and were married, they
say,

And went to the father the very same day,
Saying, Honoured father, we tell unto thee,
That we're M, A, R, R, I, E, D.

With that the old codger began for to stare;
You've married my daughter and only heir:
But since it is so, to it I comply,
With T, I, M, O, T, H, Y.



The WATERMAN. Dibdin.

DXXXVI.

THEN farewell my trim-built wherry,
Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell;
Never more at Chelsea Ferry,
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I'll go;
Where expos'd to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then mayhap, when homeward steering,
With the news my mess-mates come,
Even you the story hearing,
With a sigh may cry, poor Tom!

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

